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AN ETON MASTER'S REMINISCENCES.

I HAVE heard it said that schoolmasters in general become such either by reason of their character because they are natural schoolmasters born, or by mere chance, and that the latter make the best schoolmasters.

I hope there is some truth in the paradox, for it was certainly the merest of chances which gave me my position on the staff at Eton, a position which I held for thirty-one years, and of which I propose to record a few reminiscences.

Six years as a boy in College at Eton and four and a half at Oxford had placed me on the threshold of the world, aged nearly twenty-five, conscious that I had got to earn my living, and presumably prepared to do so. The only question was how and in what profession I was to do it. Through agricultural distress and other causes my own College at Oxford had none but official or tutorial fellowships to offer, and I did not want to remain at Oxford as a tutor, even if it had been possible. I tried for a fellowship at All Souls, but though I had done sufficiently well in 'Greats' or, more correctly, *Literae Humaniores*, my ignorance of Modern History was at that time so complete that I never lived down the story that I wrote for three hours on the Hundred Years' War, without enabling my examiners to be sure that I knew, or did not know, between what nations it was waged. Had I obtained a fellowship, my own inclination would have led me, with its assistance, to the Bar; as it was, while during the summer of 1887 I was wondering what to do, a telegram from Dr. Warre, then Head of Eton, in whose house my two elder brothers had been, asked me if I would like to take, on trial, a temporary mastership that September. I had never had the least desire to be a schoolmaster, and gravely doubted my suitability for such a post; but my father's advice prevailed, and I telegraphed acceptance of the offer, which I was so extremely lucky to receive.

In due course I installed myself in lodgings over one of the  
VOL. LVI.—NO. 336, N.S.

'sock-shops' near Barnes Pool, and set out to discover what my duties were. Had I been a non-Etonian, the position would have been terrific; for the number of my division was given me, with the key of Upper School, and I was told to take them there next morning: and that was all.

However, when I discovered that every single member of my division—Lower Fourth it was—was a new boy, and much newer to the place than I was, I was less dismayed, and with the kindly help of my old friend Herbert Tatham, who took his division at the other end of Upper School (an arrangement which would not have pleased the Board of Education), I settled to my duties. Once, it is true, Dr. Warre, whose room where he taught Sixth Form adjoined the further end of Upper School, came with majestic strides down its whole length to rebuke my flock for their excessive noise.

I am not sure whether flock or pastor was most alarmed, and it was doubtless in consequence of this that it was again on probation that I was asked to come back the next term. This I did, and then went on coming back until I resigned thirty years later; for I never was formally appointed, after the casual manner of the time. There was a good deal of coming and going among junior masters or would-be masters at this period. I remember one friend of mine drawing a large boot opposite the end of a 'half' on his Eton Almanack, signifying he expected to receive that 'order' about then, which expectation was unfortunately verified. The old line '*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*,' if Corinth is taken to represent Eton, might have been rewritten in pupil-room fashion thus: '*Non cuivis dant fata manere Corinthi*.'

But we who remained could not claim it was always a survival of the fittest. It was a short-sighted contemporary of mine, who never mastered the art of discipline, whose division many years after invented a most humorous game in school. Each boy had a separate seat and desk, the room was large, and they sat in semi-circles facing their preceptor at the start. Each would by pre-arrangement then move himself and desk a foot or two at a time in the same direction, the game being to see how far they could get before it was detected. With luck, a good half of the division might be seated in orderly rows *behind* their master before he realised the situation. This and the story, also true, of the division which leapt to their feet at intervals throughout the lesson, whenever a boy 'staying out' in a house across the road played on his piano by pre-concerted arrangement 'God save the Queen,' have always seemed to me the two most really humorous stories of ill-disciplined divisions.

Masters in those days at Eton moved up the school in strict order of seniority, and a boy in consequence might, as he moved up also, find himself 'up to' the same master for a year in his classical division, which was a bore both for boy and master.

So it came about that a little block of my contemporaries moved up the School together, Edward Impey, Tatham, A. C. Benson, Henry Bowlby, now Head of Lancing, and myself; and Tatham's death by an Alpine accident and Benson's resignation ended a long period of close partnership of work and very friendly personal relations. Our schoolrooms were mostly in later years in the Queen's Schools, Benson's room having inscribed over its doorway the encouraging aphorism, 'Someone must be last, but no one need be.' Boys enjoyed being in his division, because, apart from the excellence of his classical teaching, he was fond of historical and literary allusions and aroused his boys' interest in many directions. A large-scale map of England made for him and long exhibited in his schoolroom was a marvel of industry and ingenuity, having glued upon it specimen products of the industries of each locality, a miniature knife perhaps at Sheffield, or an ear of wheat in a wheat-growing county. This reminds me of my indignation at finding, when marking some maps of Africa, a town named 'Heygateville' marked in the tiniest characters somewhere about Basutoland. The author of the map was too virtuous to be suspected of 'cheek,' but as virtue has its lapses, I consulted the boy's tutor. He had found the boy at work upon his map and himself suggested the insertion. It was barely fair, as had the word gone unnoticed—on which it was long odds—I should at once have been reputed not to look over my boys' work, or possibly, as another colleague was said to do with his Sunday Questions, to mark it by weighing it in a postal balance!

Looking back on my service of thirty-odd years at Eton from an educational standpoint, I am not at all inclined to pessimism, though entitled by my age to be the traditional '*laudator temporis acti*.'

It was somewhat depressing certainly to see the standard of pure classics falling, as was undoubtedly the case at Eton as elsewhere, and inevitable as the subjects taught increased in number and the day remained of the same length. When I first joined the staff, the correction or rewriting of the Latin verses of my abler pupils was a serious and lengthy task; but before my retirement so many substitutes were allowed for the weekly verse copy in the shape of Latin prose, English essays, précis, or almost anything needed by the particular boy for some examination, and so many

men educated elsewhere, who were innocent of the art of Latin versification, were added to the staff, that things became quite different. But I held the opinion throughout that the boys' average standard of industry was a high one, and that the education they received was sound; and this opinion was confirmed by the comparisons which I was able to make after I left Eton, when I visited a good many public schools as an 'occasional inspector' of the Board of Education.

And there was much on the credit side to be put against any loss suffered by the classics. 'Modern' subjects received much more attention in school hours; far greater latitude in what was taught in pupilroom (so important a part of the Eton education) was claimed and allowed; the introduction of homogeneous divisions in the subjects taught by classical masters (but including much more than classics), and the compulsion of practically every boy to pass an external examination—that for the Schools Certificate of the Oxford and Cambridge Board—all were advantageous to both the teacher and the taught. The latter examination gave the stimulus required by the bigger boys of seventeen, who in old days tended to be idle, and now knew that by securing their certificate they were qualified to enter a University, and also able to specialise for their remaining time at school on the subjects they desired.

As to what I have said of the greater latitude allowed in pupilroom, i.e. in 'private business,' where a tutor could practically choose his subjects, it was again, I think, Mr. Benson who led the way in varying the pure classical reading, in which alone as a boy I had participated with my old tutor, that brilliant scholar, Mr. E. D. Stone, with teaching in history, literature, English or even French and art. I followed Mr. Benson's example gladly; and I do not think that my pupils who read with me the Waterloo section of 'Les Misérables' lost by my vile French accent as much as they gained otherwise: or that those who read in the summer half such standard novels, mostly, alas! unknown to this generation, as Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities,' Wilkie Collins' 'Woman in White,' 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' or 'Lorna Doone,' will say that this experience closed, and did not open the door for them to further private excursions in the same delightful field.

One story in this connexion I recall with joy. It was often difficult to find subjects for their Sunday work in pupilroom suitable and interesting to the younger duller boys, and a course of essays written on the Parables, with an illustration of each



added by anyone who liked to try, brought an unexpected number of artists into the field. So when we next read the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' these artists desired to try their powers still further; and one who had seen an illustration of the Valley of the Shadow of Death produced with some pride a picture of a truly mediaeval hell. In the centre sat apparently a small figure on a Windsor chair. When we enquired who this was, the artist (a Protestant boy from the South of Ireland) replied: 'That is the Pope. Please, sir, I thought he ought to be there.' We laughed a good deal that Sunday morning.

I must return, however, to my own history, which is the slender thread on which these reminiscences are strung. After two years' residence at my sock-shop, and after living two years more with two bachelor colleagues in a house owned by College in Weston's Yard, I removed by reason of my marriage to a tiny house in Eton Street. There was little provision made officially in those days for the housing of non-house-masters, none at all for the younger married men. So in Eton Street we lived till Dr. Warre offered me the charge of a boarding-house in 1899. This was after twelve years' service on the staff; in old days a master obtained a boarding-house in a year or two, but the largely increased number of the staff altered all this, and the lateness of my own promotion was at the time a record. It seems impossible to defend in theory the system whereby an educated gentleman provides for his old age out of his profits as a more or less successful hotel-keeper, but in practice it works well, certainly so far as the boys are concerned, who, living as a large family with their house-master, have their personal comfort and well-being better assured than under the other system of meals in a central hall provided by an official caterer, and houses supervised by a master; neither caterer nor master having any financial incentive to see that the boys were comfortable and well fed.

At Eton certainly his succession to a house made all the difference to the interest and pleasure of a master's life. His intimate knowledge of his boys and theirs of him, their community of house-feeling manifested against other houses in friendly competition in work and play, the continued interest of his old boys in the success and doings of their old house, all went to bind house and house-master pleasantly together. For the house-master, of course, who does his duty fully, the life is hard; from seven or seven-thirty in the morning until he has been round his house at night, bidding good night to one boy and mingling some good

advice to another with a friendly chat, he is more or less on duty for some 14 or 15 hours a day. The education of his boys, their moral development, their health, are all upon his shoulders ; and with a house of forty boys or so surprising happenings will not be few. I remember coming in one afternoon to find the walls of a passage bespattered with blood and a boy bleeding profusely from the wrist. He had thought it a good scheme to put some calcium chloride and water in a soda-water bottle and cork it tightly ! Result, the bottle burst like a shell and the boy's wrist artery was cut. In spite, however, of such 'accidents' and of too increasingly numerous cases of appendicitis, I owed my comparative freedom from real anxiety as to my boys' health to my most excellent matron and to her unerring powers of diagnosis, which could detect an incipient pneumonia case equally with a rash produced by unscrupulous application of a hairbrush to the skin ! So on the whole as I look back upon my years at Eton, the most enjoyable period seems to me that which I spent as house-master up to the outbreak of the war. I liked my school work with the elder boys of Upper Division, and enjoyed assisting them in their efforts to win a School Certificate ; I had a good many outside interests, on the Board of the Windsor Hospital, and the Eton Urban District Council ; my house was reasonably successful ; and in our private lives there was much pleasant interchange of hospitality. This last, of course, was ended by the war, which made many things most difficult at Eton.

We were very strictly rationed, and while middle-aged men in khaki were by the aid of full military rations keeping themselves strong enough for arduous work in England such as buying hay or measuring timber, our big growing boys of eighteen were constantly extremely hungry. We supplemented their rations in every way possible : there was fallow deer venison from Windsor Park, sold by the kindness of the King ; and a fish called Tuna (query tunny ?) which tasted like flannel but came in useful. It was a brave house-master who would have given his boys margarine before the war, but I remember buying some pounds thereof as I cycled through Maidenhead (the Maypole brand could not be got in Eton), and the welcome it received.

Of other than food difficulties there were plenty as the war went on. Our most trusted men servants, on whom so much depended, joined up ; the darkness, compulsory in the days of air raids, was difficult to secure always in an Eton house, though the boys were wonderfully careful ; the only time I appeared

and was fined in the Slough Police Court was through the carelessness of a maid; the scarcity of coal was a real hardship, where, as in all Eton houses, the only means of heating the boys' rooms was an open fire. Troubles such as these were small enough when every day brought new lists of promising young officers, well known to all of us and dear to many, whose names were among the killed. I used to look at a photographic group of one of my house football teams and see perhaps half its number gone. There was nothing however for it but to carry on and do our best: to grow potatoes more or less successfully on our house allotments; to drill, if not too rheumatic, with the Eton volunteer platoon; or to try to teach one's division to hoe up thistles (rather than wheat) instead of afternoon school. This last was to me quite an amusing occupation, especially with German prisoners working not half as hard across the road, as often happened.

I had determined to see the war through before sending in my resignation, but my health demanded it in the summer of 1918, most unluckily. I had held a house for nineteen years, beginning with 28 boys in the queer old house called Gullivers. This was for me a stroke of luck, as most men at that time began in the much smaller houses, now abolished, for which there was little to be said; but three house-masters retired together in 1899, Mr. Arthur James, Mr. (now Sir) Walter Durnford, and Mr. Daman—all depicted by the first in a caricature as 'waiting to take leave' with a poem beginning 'Gone are the glorious beaks of old'; and of the three masters who succeeded to houses together, I was the senior; and the efforts of each of us *not* to take on a few less desirable boys, whose houses were breaking up, were really rather like the card game where each player tries not to hold a knave. In those days, when a house-master resigned, his boys were not taken on *en masse* by the master succeeding to a house, but had to find places as they could. The present arrangement, whereby the boys remain together and only change their house-master and probably their actual dwelling, is more convenient for parents and pleasanter for the boys; but under the old system a new house-master had a better chance of getting things sooner according to his liking, and the boys of the new house felt and usually accepted their responsibility for giving it a start upon good lines. I do not myself forget what I owe to my first house-captain. The abolition of the small houses, and the equalising of the amenities of the various houses, which has been pursued by the College, has resulted in the changing of houses by house-masters being much less common. The retire-

ment of a senior house-master from a large or otherwise desirable house might in old days mean quite a 'general post.' I was lucky myself in having two moves only, from Gullivers to the Corner House which overlooked the old churchyard (in which I was when Mr. Kindersley's house next door but one was burnt), and thence to a new house, Waynflete, on the Eton Wick Road. This was a large house, well arranged for the boys, less so for the house-master and his family, whose rooms had hardly any sunshine, while the kitchen faced full south.

Of changes in Eton during my time I must write a little, though some have been already mentioned. The greatest perhaps came so gradually as to escape notice except when one looks back. I refer to the disappearance of what may be called 'brutality' among boys. The modern generation have their faults, but rowdiness and unfriendliness to masters are not among them. No doubt the spirit of the time '*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*' at Eton, as elsewhere; but the change must be attributed in part to the accession to the staff of a large number of young masters, and the consequent increase of sympathy between master and boy. To illustrate this, I think it true to say that in earlier days the 'wet bobs,' who in the summer lived a life apart, were apt to be less disciplined, or perhaps more rowdy. Whether this was true or not, it became certainly true in my time that the 'wet bobs' formed a more generally contented and better occupied class, and I attribute this largely to the good nature and influence of the 'wet bob' masters, whose services as coaches were readily given to all varieties of competing crews and individuals. As a result of this, and of the inter-house junior fours races instituted in 1902, practically every 'wet bob' had a chance of regular occupation and amusement through the summer half. In cricket, after the provision of largely extended grounds in Agar's Plough about 1899 and the succession of Mr. C. M. Wells to Mr. R. H. Mitchell as master in charge of Eton cricket, a great improvement had been effected in the institution of junior inter-house matches, over which there was much keenness, and which gave occupation on half-holiday afternoons to nearly every 'junior,' or boy under sixteen. But after that age, for a good many boys the summer half was dull and boring. Cricket is not a good game for a bad player, and except for the three or four picked games in which the more promising cricketers were playing, the club games tended to be not very serious. Lawn tennis was introduced, to a less extent than at some schools, but it cannot fill the long free hours of summer "playtime."

I suppose few Eton boys now know the meaning of the word 'praepostor,' so familiar to their fathers; and its disappearance resulted from a different method of school organisation introduced by Dr. Warre and his successors. Methods in old days were not extremely business-like. Each division had its praepostor, an office taken by its boys in turn, who 'marked out' the absentees at every lesson and in chapel, and sought for their 'excuses' at their houses. It is obvious that while praepostor a boy's duties would keep him out of school as much as he could decently contrive. School punishments were shown up to the head master's butler, who might or might not be a good judge of the difference between a hundred lines of Virgil or of Homer. The present centralised and efficient system of administration through a school office, the crystallisation of school rules in a series of school orders, the provision through the school clerk of all possible information desired by masters, boys, parents or visitors, all has owed its origin in the first place to Dr. Warre.

One other change which came about during my mastership is perhaps constitutionally too important to be omitted. I mean that which affected the relative positions of the house and classical or modern tutors.

In days of old, when houses were often in the hands of dames (real dames), and classics were the only study, each dame's house had attached to it for disciplinary purposes a classical tutor. Later, as these dames died out, the title was applied to those house-masters who were not classical, the football match between tutors' and dames' houses occurring annually, and since each boy was obliged to have a classical tutor who supervised his education and school life, as houses held by 'modern' masters became more numerous, a change in the position of these latter was inevitable. It was obviously galling to a senior modern house-master that he could not give one of his own boys leave without the consent, it might be, of a very junior classical colleague, the boy's tutor; so that after a period of agitation it was enacted that a boy's tutor might be classical or modern, who might or might not also be his house-master. More often than not, of course, he was.

Of other changes, the abolition of the old clerical fellows, for example, who preached to me as boy in the 'seventies, and the innumerable new buildings which transformed the face of Eton under Dr. Warre, I must not write, for this sketch is already long enough.

A. C. G. HEYGATE.

## EL RAFSAT.

## THE RECOIL OF ISLAM.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. P. HAWKES.

## I.

## SPAHS AT TOURS.

DURING the winter of 1917 the exigencies of war brought into temporary cantonments near the city of Tours a division of Moroccan infantry and a brigade or two of *Spahis* (native Arab cavalry). The *personnel* of the former were chiefly Berbers—lean, sinewy highlanders from the northern Atlas and kinsmen of the Riffi mountaineers who later were to baffle the successive efforts of Spanish armies, equipped with all the most modern military appliances, to subjugate their inviolate fastnesses in Morocco; while the *Spahis*, shivering in their high-cantled saddles, were Arabs of the desert to a man.

The streets of the ancient capital of Touraine, the *Caesardunum* of the Romans, and the roads and by-ways among the savannahs watered by the Loire, echoed with the shrill *Maghrebbin* gabble of the Berber tribesmen and the more sonorous Arabic of the Saharan nomads; and, when the Angelus rang out of evenings from the tower of St. Martin's twelfth-century Cathedral, Berber and Arab alike prostrated themselves towards Mecca and performed the obeisances and muttered the ritual prescribed by the Prophet whom men once called Mahound and considered a colleague of Anti-Christ and Satan. Indeed had the whirligig of Time brought a strange revenge; for thus, after the lapse of nigh on a dozen centuries, did Islam revisit the spot where in 732 the hitherto irresistible tide of its onrush westward was finally checked and stemmed, to relapse into a sluggish retrogression which has persisted throughout the intervening ages. For it was at Tours that the swift progress of the 'Saraceni' combined against itself the feeble forces of the Latinised Gauls and Franks—last vestiges of the static civilisation of Imperial Rome—and the dynamic energy of the north-eastern Teutons, who had then scarcely emerged from their Germanic paganism. And from the crucible of that historic



battle was distilled the consolidating and reformative element that is Christendom. Yet Muslim armies were once again in action on the soil of France, and the inscrutable decree of Allah had brought it about that the descendants of the Arab invaders of 732 were leagued in 1917 with those of their former enemies to withstand the regimented hordes of the still savage Teutons, still ethnically identical with their skin-clad forbears, though coated with the field-grey of a perverted modern *kultur*. Moreover, the present representatives of the Romano-Gauls and Neustrian Franks—a nation with a dwindling population, yet still impregnated with survivals of Latin imperialism and obsessed with an immemorial terror of Teuton aggression—relied then, and still quite candidly rely, both for defence and for the fulfilment of their projects for the French hegemony of north-eastern Europe, upon the assistance in arms of the Koranic peoples of their African dominions, whose ancestors' designs for Muslim ascendancy were dissipated by the hammer of Charles Martel at Tours eleven hundred years ago.

## II.

### THE JEHAD IN FRANKISTAN.

Exactly a century and a decade after the Prophet's flight from Mecca (in the 115th year of the *Hegira*, according to Arab reckoning) Sidi Abd-er-Rahman Ibn Abdallah El Faqui, Emir of the Spanish dominions of Hashim, the Omeyyad Khalif, camped with his *harkas* amidst the clustering vineyards on the wide meadowlands between Tours and Poitiers. Renowned for his integrity and justice, a capable administrator and a soldier proved in many a battle on both sides the Straits, the Emir was of the best type of Arab character and intellect and not without a divine endowment of Oriental dignity, though called by the Christians *Abdirames*, and invested by monkish chroniclers with the attributes of a fiend. In 729 he had been delegated by the Khalif at Damascus to reorganise the Arab administration in Spain; and, after having set in order the affairs of his Emirate, he had embarked upon a gigantic *Jehad*, to carry the green banner north and eastward in an attempt to fulfil the intention of his predecessor, Musa Ibn Nosair, to dominate all Europe by the sword of Islam, and to march back again to Syria through Constantinople, leaving behind him yet another continent which should acknowledge the Unity of God, the sanctity of his Prophet, and the

suzerainty of the Khalif, his Vicegerent upon Earth. His schemes included even the occupation of Rome and the 'plucking of the Pope's beard,' which was to be symbolised by the founding of a mosque in the Eternal City itself, where the church towers should be converted into minarets, and the *Agnus Dei* should give place to the *Adzân*, the holy chant taught in a dream by a celestial 'stranger in green' to the first muezzin, Bilâli Ibn Rabah, the blind minstrel of the Prophet. The peoples he set out to subdue were chiefly the decadent and romanised constituents of the dead Empire and the savage heterogeneous elements of Teutonic and Slavonic barbarism; for Gaul was not yet France, and Civilisation still ended at the Rhine. The Emir Abd-er-Rahman was, in short, to write the final chapter in the record of Mohammedan conquest which, in the incredibly short space of a hundred years, had submerged the greater portion of the old Roman dominions and had extended its influence from the Atlantic to the Hindu Kush.

In 'Frankistan' the Christian Gallo-Franks were hemmed in between the forays of the Arabs across the Pyrenees and the incursions of the uncivilised Teutons on the north and east. Socially and politically the population between the Channel and the marches of the Spanish Emirate was unconsolidated, and seemed to offer to the Arabs as easy a prey as had the degenerate Visigoths of the Peninsula. The Loire should be another Guadalete, and the *Roi fainéant*, Chilperic, that ridiculous Merovingian puppet at Compiègne whose kingly functions were limited to an annual progress in an ox-waggon through the assembly of his contemptuous subjects, should figure as another and less worthy Roderic. There was, it was true, this Charles, the 'Mayor of the Palace,' whom the Arabs called the *Kaïd el Mesouar*; but he was a mere Court functionary and doubtless performed duties analogous to those of the Khalif's chief eunuch at *Damaschk*! Like another autocrat who was later to rule over his enemies, the Khalif had declared 'There are no Pyrenees!' And accordingly, in the spring of 732, the Emir Abd-er-Rahman had mustered in Catalonia and Navarre a vast array of turbaned Arab veterans, of hungry Kabyle clansmen lusting for loot, of troops of the Muslimised Iberians and Lusitanian bowmen called *Mozarabites*, and of well-trained mercenaries from Africa and the Levant attracted by hopes of plunder. His Arab squadrons were mounted on desert mares, 'sired by the Sirocco,' any one of which would sell for forty camels or two hundred sheep; or were perched on the humps of swift-

trotting *Mehara* camels, bred among the distant oases of the southern Sahara; and they were armed with long desert lances, curved daggers, and sabres shaped like the sickle of the waxing moon. The Berber tribesmen, of the same stock as those who had stormed the rock of Calpe under Tarik Ibn Zeyad and as the Numidian septs who had for so long defied the legions of Scipio and Marius, marched in sandals of still hairy ox-hide and carried javelins and a kind of assegai, as well as sword-shaped clubs and slings such as you may see to-day in the hands of little shepherd-boys round Tangier. The troops of Kabyle cavalry, though they wore the fillet of camel's-hair cord which is the aureole of the Arab, were the descendants of the light horsemen of Massinissa and of his grandson Jugurtha—who once galloped through the streets of Rome crying 'A city for sale if it can find a purchaser!'—and on their shaggy-coated cobs they rode, like the veiled camel-men, with two-handed swords thrust between girth and saddle.

Hordes of negro auxiliaries and slaves, black and pitiless as *Djinoon*, accompanied the *Mehallah*; and the warriors brought with them their families and harems—Arab women swathed to the eyes in white, brazen Berber squaws with uncovered faces and tattooed chins, and troupes of bedizened dancing-girls in gaudy draperies and tawdry ornaments which jingled to their posturings. For the invaders were prepared to move their homes from the more arid and African country of the peninsula to the fertile fields of France; where, indeed, their compatriots had already begun to establish themselves further to the eastward in all the coastland of Provence from Antibes to Toulon, and where the hill-country between Hyères and Fréjus—*le pays des Maures*—was soon to become as Arabic as that between Akka and Beirut. Indeed, the *ksar* of Rahmat Allah survives there even to this day in the small town the French call Ramatuelle. It was in 719 that the Arabs had first begun to overrun southern France, capturing Narbonne, the first French colony of the Romans, and raiding all Burgundy and Aquitaine. In 721 they received their first check at the hands of Eudo, Duke of Aquitaine, who routed the *harka* of the Emir Zama at Toulouse; and it was not until Hashim became Khalif four years later that they renewed their forays. Then they sacked Beaune and held the city of Sens to tribute, and by 730 had occupied Avignon. Carcassonne, Arles, and Nîmes had already fallen, and the desert-men ravaged up the valley of the Rhone and plundered Vienne, Lyons, and Mâcon, raiding even as

far as Châlons and Dijon and up to the Jura by way of Besançon. But their communications with Spain had then been threatened: for Munuza, the young Kaïd of Narbonne, had been won over by the wily Eudo, who gave the susceptible Arab Sheikh his beautiful daughter in marriage. Abd-er-Rahman, however, in the course of his reorganisation of the Emirate had called his apostate deputy to account, and, having put him to death, had sent his Christian bride to swell the already numerous population of the Khalif's harem at *Damaschk*, where she was left to mingle her lamentations with those of the inconsolable bulbul beneath the pomegranates in the palace patios. Poor girl! she pined and perished in a Muslim exile, like La Caba, the ill-starred daughter of Count Julian, who died and was buried at Tarudant in southern Morocco, and whose love-story is similarly involved for ever in the records of Arab conquest.

### III.

#### AT THE WAD EL OWAR.

As soon as the mobilisation of his *Mehallah* was completed the Emir Abd-er-Rahman gave the order to cross the Pyrenees, and an Arab army once more poured into France by the passes that cut the mountain-range at both extremities. On the eastern route the Arabs left behind them in its deep valley the tiny and indomitable commune of Andorra (Arab. *El Darra*, the place of woods), which owes to its defiance—then and later—of the might of Islam an independent autonomy that it still maintains. And the stubborn self-reliance which successfully challenged the hosts of the Prophet through seven centuries is apparent to-day in the faces of its sturdy Catalan *viguiers*, smugglers and horse-copers to a man, as you see them lounging on the banks of the Valira in their velveteens and *dégagé* Phrygian caps.

Westward they traversed the mountains by the beech-covered defile of Roncesvalles, where fifty years later their successors were to blench at the last bugle-call of Roland the Paladin; an episode immortalised by the *jongleurs* in the 'Roman de Rou,' the battle-song of Taillefer at Hastings when the Bastard of Duke Robert and Arletta the Tanner's daughter was carving with the sword his kingdom of England, France's old enemy and modern ally.

Northward swept the Arab armies, crossing the Garonne and wheeling westward through the Landes to Bordeaux and up to

Angoulême. Duke Eudo put up a gallant running fight before them, but could not stay their devastating onslaught. For the Arabs, like a swarm of their compatriot locusts, 'ate up' the country as they marched through it, in the accepted fashion of Moorish *harkas* from the time of Musa down to that of Kaïd Maclean, leaving in their wake only a blighted and blistered wilderness.

'The grass,' wrote the monkish chroniclers, 'withered beneath their horses' feet'; and the smoke and flames of towns and villages, unquenched by the blood of fanatical excesses, mounted in piteous protest to the Christians' God.

Southern and central France lay at the mercy of the *Muslimin*, whose victorious forces in the summer of 732 at last lay encamped, within a few days' march of Paris, on the wide champaign between Poitiers and Tours, gorged with the plunder of the capital of Touraine and its rich Abbey of St. Martin,—the Hungarian soldier-saint who had served under Constantine as a centurion in Africa before he became a catechumen at Amiens.

All the brown heath-land and the broad stretches of vineyard-country were dotted with 'the houses of hair,' the dark goatskin and camel's-hair *duars* of the desert-men; and the banks of the Loire, which the Arabs already called the *Wad el Owar*, reverberated the muezzin's cry. Camels bubbled and groaned as their *tibbus* watered them in the Creuse and the Cher, and round a thousand camp-fires Yemeni Arab and Berber from the *Gharb* gobbled *kus-kuskoo* in the name of Allah, 'The One,' out of the looted altar-plate of Christian churches, while the shrill quavering note of *ghaïtas* and the insistent sinister pulsation of drums maddened the African dancing-girls to a wilder frenzy. Their camp was choked with the pillage of shrines and convents, the treasures of Latin France—booty which was to constitute one of the causes of later disaster to the despoilers. For its bulk impeded the movement of the *Mehallah*, behind which trailed endless convoys of slow ox-wagons—creaking on solid wheels sliced roughly from the trunks of trees, such as you see to-day in the *pays Basque* round Biarritz—and tended by terrified Aquitanian peasants, who walked before their ruminant swaying beasts prepared at any moment to defend themselves with their goads against the barbarities of their 'Sarrazin' captors.

The division, moreover, of the most coveted plunder, both in goods and women captives, accentuated the rivalry and jealousy

that already existed between the Arab and Berber chieftains, which had originated in the rupture between Tarik and Musa on the first crossing of the Straits of Hercules and continues throughout North Africa to this day.

Duke Eudo and his Aquitanians, spent with their long and hopeless rearguard action, had by this time fallen back on the main Frankish army, to which, after his failure at Toulouse, the Duke had sent warning of the enemy's wide forward movement.

#### IV.

##### 'THE HAMMER' OF CHRISTENDOM.

The Frankish General, Charles d'Héristal, Duke of the Austrasian Franks and 'Mayor of the Palace,' was not without experience of Arab fighting, for he had driven the Muslim raiders out of north Aquitaine a few years previously. But now he had barely concluded long and harassing operations against the Thuringian and Frisian Teutons on the north-eastern frontier; and, though his successful leadership had won for him paramount authority throughout the country, his troops were worn with hard fighting in a difficult terrain, and he was forced to engage as mercenaries some thousands of the very enemy whom he had just expelled.

About forty-four years of age, an experienced soldier and a born diplomat, he had, though by birth an Austrasian Teuton, succeeded, by force of his ability and character, in reconciling his fellow-Teutons with the Neustrian Franco-Gauls, who, in the pride of a superior Roman culture, had hitherto regarded them as little better than pagan savages. He had thus become the virtual ruler of a nation whose history has ever since been chequered by attempts to repel the aggression, on its eastern marches, of the unromanised Teutons who had remained unabsorbed,—the last and greatest of which occurred in 1914.

Such was Charles 'the Hammer,' natural son of Pepin d'Héristal and grandfather of Charlemagne: a German who yet united the Franks against the menace of the Orient and, in saving Europe for Christendom, laid the foundations of French national history.

As to his designation of 'Martel,' ingenious annalists have endeavoured to derive it from 'Martellus,' the Roman name of St. Martin of Tours; but, though he was the champion of European Christianity against the concepts of an exotic Semitism,



Charles has been known throughout the succeeding ages by the heathen cognomen of 'the Hammer,' indissolubly associated in the pagan mythology of his brother Teutons with Asa Thor, the god of thunder and destruction.

But besides the personal qualities of their leader, a still more powerful factor in the fusion of Frank and Gaul and German in face of the common danger was the instinctive antagonism of the northern psychology against the threat of an alien ethical and political ideal. What might have happened if the latter had triumphed is best expressed in the words of the incomparable Gibbon: 'The Arab fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames, and perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford.'

Both the leaders of the opposing armies had their difficulties of discipline and administration. For the backbone of Charles's levies consisted of the Germanic and Austrasian-Frankish clansmen, huge hairy men armed with long pikes and battle-axes and heavy leathern shields, who in their war-cries still called on Odin and the hosts of Walhall; and the discord which existed between them and the Christian Celts and more civilised Franks of Neustria was similar to that which divided the fastidious Arabs in Abd-er-Rahman's army from his Berber caterans of Barbary, while the jealousies between his Kaids and the Kabyle chieftains of the *Amazingh* had their counterpart in those which raged between Charles's dukes and 'Antrustions' and the Teuton tribal leaders.

The actual numbers of either army are unascertainable; but, though Christian chroniclers doubtless embellished their accounts of the victory by overstatement of the Arabs' strength, in fact that strength must have been appreciably greater than that of the enemies whom they despised unwisely for this very reason,—as well as for being unbelievers, destined at the Last Day to be slung by the heels and forelocks over the chasm of Hell and to assuage their unquenchable thirst with molten brass.

## V.

### THE PAVEMENT OF THE MARTYRS.

Thus for a week the *Roumis* and the *Muslimin* lay facing one another, separated by a wide 'no-man's-land' over which by day both sides sent out raids and reconnoitring columns to test each

other's strength, and across which by night their pickets bickered against a background lurid with the glow of watch fires.

At length, on the seventh day, as Abd-er-Rahman's muezzins were chanting the *Feyzer*, the call to prayer at dawn—the accepted hour of attack with all warriors throughout history, from cave-men on the warpath down to the Tank Corps of the B.E.F.,—the Arabs took the initiative with their cavalry in the customary Oriental fashion. For, while the Westerner uses his horsemen to pursue and demoralise an enemy broken by the combined efforts of his other arms, the Easterner relies on an initial and overwhelming onslaught of his most mobile forces to disorganise, by sheer shock and terror, the troops of his cowed and disheartened opponents, whom his footmen and auxiliaries may then proceed to massacre at their leisure.

(And in this diversity of tactical ideas lies hidden the whole difference between the metaphysics of East and West.)

After a brief preface by archers, javelin-men and slingers, the whole of the Arab cavalry on a wide front rode hell-for-leather at the Frankish line. Wave after wave of desert horsemen, screaming with fanaticism and the lust for slaughter, galloped with bloody spur at Charles's infantry. As in the mimic warfare of the 'Powder-play,' the Arabs twirled their lances round their heads, tossing them in the air and recovering them again with amazing dexterity; taking cover from archery by clinging to the flanks of their maddened horses; and brandishing their curved sabres with frantic appeals to Allah and imprecations on their infidel enemies. The fluttering *haïks* and whirling weapons of Kaïds and Sheikhs gleamed in the rays of sunrise, the green banners of Islam topped with the golden ball and crescent floated like pennants in a hurricane squall, and the long manes and tails of the 'wind-drinkers' appeared as spume on the crest of this wave of Paynim fury, which seemed as though it must engulf the ridge-like reef of the Frankish spearmen and inundate the northern countries that lay beyond.

Both sides fought with a baresark ferocity—the Christians assured of an apocalyptic Paradise, the Teutons hearing the cries of encouraging Valkyries waiting to bear them upwards to Walhall, while the Muslims saw the seven heavens open before them with dazzling visions of rapturous black-eyed *Houris*. But the Franks and Celts stood firm, and the Arab tide surged up in vain against the stout sea-wall of pikemen over which waved the cruciform

banners of the Christians and the tribal totems of their Teuton allies, only to recoil baffled and broken and leaving behind it a ghastly flotsam of dying men and slaughtered horses. Charles and Duke Eudo were everywhere in the thick of the fight, and the stolid ranks of the German tribesmen stood impenetrable, swift companies of more active swordsmen dashing through them at intervals to hamstring the Arabs' horses and dispatch their wounded. All day long the attack continued: in vain the Berber light horsemen, shrieking shrill slogans in their queer outlandish tongue, assailed the insuperable barrier. Neither wounds nor warcries seemed to intimidate the unshakable Franks, over whose heads a ceaseless rain of projectiles beat down upon the serried squadrons of *Muslimin*. The attack must have resembled the repeated charges of the Khalifa's horsemen at Omdurman against the impregnable British and Soudanese infantry, or the assault of Pathan *Ghazis* on the Afghan frontier upon the invincible battalions of our Indian Army.

At one point, however, where the line was composed of Neustrian Franks unsupported by a stiffening of Teutons, the Arabs succeeded at last, towards the evening, in breaking through; and, scarcely daring to believe that what seemed to be was true, the enemy poured through the gap like water through a mill-luice.

It was a critical moment for Christendom. The Frankish line was threatened from front and rear and cut off from reinforcements which could not reach it. Marabouts and Darwishes with passionate exultation yelled to the Muslims that the Faith had triumphed, and the sabres rose and fell like sickles at harvest-time.

And then a cry arose—Allah knows how or where—that the *Roumis* had got round the flanks and were attacking the Arab camp. It spread like wildfire among the excited *Muslimin* and bred a panic—that most inexplicable of all the psychological mysteries of war. Apprehensive for their loot and fearful for the safety of their women, the attack of the Arabs seemed paralysed by some sudden and all-pervasive inhibition. Every Islamite on the field seemed to become at once obsessed with an overpowering anxiety for his harem and his accumulated plunder. Fanatical frenzy was superseded by a debilitating apprehension, and the keen edge was gone from the scimitar of the Arab fury. 'The hearts of the infidels,' wrote Don José Antonio Conde in

his Hispano-Moorish History, 'were troubled and failed them suddenly'; and the last great attack of Islam on European Christendom faltered and wavered, and finally withdrew in disorder, though the Emir Abd-er-Rahman and his Kaids flung themselves among the retreating horsemen and, with curses and entreaties and the flat of the sword, strove in vain to rally them.

But the devil of slaughter had grown faint within Arab and Berber alike, and, possessed by a contagion of terror, they galloped towards their city of tents as though pursued by *Shaitan* and all the fiends of Eblis.

The Emir gathered his Kaids around him like Harold's housecarles on the field of Senlac, and withstood again and again the victorious rushes of his Christian enemies. But 'his fate was about his neck,' and as he struggled among the masses of triumphant Franks, his charger fell, and a dozen spears were buried in his body. And with him died the danger of an Islamic Europe. But, like another historic struggle in a much later century, it had been a 'damned close-run thing'!

At the head of his 'Antrustions' and dukes Charles led the chase of the panic-stricken Arabs, hacking and hewing at the fugitives as they urged their swiftest desert-breds and their fleetest camels in precipitate retreat from the fatal field, which was ever after to be referred to by Moorish chroniclers as 'the pavement of the martyrs.' So widespread and concerted was the rout that he feared a ruse, and, having managed somehow to stop the pursuit, drew off his forces at sunset to a position where they would be secure till daybreak. They stood to arms all night, their pickets peering through the mist which had arisen from the marshy affluents of the Loire; and all night long from the Arab camp there floated to their ears the shrill wailing of the women and slaves and the tumultuous babble of an agitated Eastern crowd. But, still fearful of the stratagems of a wily enemy—versed, as they knew, in all the artifices of Oriental warfare—Charles and his captains licked their wounds and waited for the dawn.

## VI.

### THE EPILOGUE OF VICTORY.

At daybreak on the following morning, his reconnoitring patrols having reported the absence of hostile movement and the withdrawal of the enemy's vedettes, Charles gave the order to advance

again ; and, after archery and javelin volleys had failed to evoke response, the Franks approached within effective distance of the Arab camp, and the long lines of spearmen broke into a charge, Celts and Teutons shouting their battle-cries, black hair and yellow streaming behind them in the breeze that fanned the sunrise.

But they found the camp deserted and the enemy gone. Though they had stolen silently away, the Arabs had not even tarried to fold their tents, which now stood, dew-covered and empty, with the bulk of the booty still stacked up around them in unguarded piles.

The menace of Mahound had vanished, dispelled by the daylight like some evil dream.

But the Frankish army was too exhausted, and had suffered too severely from the Arab attacks, to follow up its victory: though mediaeval writers, to support their assertions of Divine assistance, estimate its casualties as only 1007 against the enemy's 375,000. But it is true that Allah must have hidden his face on that day from the Arabs, and they and the Berbers, during the retreat, appear to have wasted much of their remaining breath in futile recriminations.

Instead of a conquering *Mehallah* it was a mere mob of disheartened and disorganised refugees that made the best of its way back over the country which it had devastated, to behind the protecting bastions of the Pyrenees; where, in truth, Africa began, and both soil and surroundings were more congenial to the Faithful.

A dispirited rearguard was left behind to keep, if possible, the captured cities of Aquitaine; but one by one, through the succeeding years, these fell before the assaults of the triumphant Charles, until at last, in 797, Narbonne, the first and the last of the Arab strongholds in France, was lost to Islam; though it was temporarily retaken some twenty-seven years later in a *razzia* by another Abd-er-Rahman, the enlightened Khalif of Cordova, who sent its captured garrison to assist in the building of his mosque, imperishable for ever in its beauty as the distant snow-peaks of the Sierra Morena.

But the colour of history had changed from green to white, and the ebb of Islam had set in. The grandiose schemes of Musa Ibn Nosair had cracked and crumbled into the dust of nothingness, and never more were Muslim *Mehallahs* to force the Pyrenees in a serious invasion. For a reflux of Mohammedanism had begun

which, after centuries of retrogression, was ultimately to wash the sword of the Prophet from the hands of a degenerate Osmanli Khalif, whose heterodox subjects desire to-day to remodel, on Western lines, the country which for some four hundred years has been the centre and citadel of Islam.

After his success at Tours, Charles was hailed as the saviour of Christendom ; and much of his prestige undoubtedly attached to his grandson Charlemagne, upon whose head the imperial crown of the West was to be placed at Rome just twenty-seven years before his *protégé*, Egbert of Wessex, laid at Winchester the foundations of the English realm, which now numbers some eighty-two million *Muslimin* among its citizens.

But there are also nearly thirty millions in Africa alone who acknowledge the suzerainty of France ; and it is with warriors recruited from these that the descendants of the Neustrian Franks now garrison the conquered Rhineland—the Austrasian provinces of the modern Teutons whose forbears formed the head of Charles's hammer.

But as they rode through the streets of St. Martin's city in 1917 the *burnouses* of the Arab horsemen were gay with French war-medals, and the Berber infantryman, the darling of France, read the *Echo de Paris* as he lounged on the *terrasses* of its cafés. The case was strangely altered, and it was the Muslim who had then helped to save Europe from the Teuton. For was it not to the valour of the Moroccan divisions of her army, which stood, as unshakable as the Austrasian Franks at Tours, against the continued and terrible onslaughts of the Germanic enemy, that France was indebted for much of her glory in the epic and unforgettable defence of Verdun ?



## THE SLEEPING BINS.

BY N. M. GUNN.

## I.

THE desperate ongoing that made remote Glenruri the world's uncanny stage for one memorable week started in the comparatively simple matter of a wine's flavour. Certainly in no more than that—if it be prefixed that between the laird's son and the archaeologist's daughter there had been a first incalculable eye-flash. By the time the young bloodhounds had done their best, Glenruri was free of popular speech as a synonym for the mysterious. . . . But let the start be at the beginning—with the wine.

Dr. Alexander Morison was a tanned, white-haired, unassuming antiquary, with eyes of the kindest blue-green. Normally the eyes glimmered in a contemplation of far-off things, but on occasion were capable of being lapped round by smiling wrinkles of an immediate and lovable humorousness. Inevitably his daughter Jean mothered him, with all that that implies in a swift-minded, passionate Scots lassie.

His learning and fame having gone before him to The Macruri country, a dinner with The Macruri himself followed in due season.

It was in the after-dinner hour (day's crowning hour to the good doctor) that The Macruri, striding in soldierly fashion before guest and son Gilian, busied his own hands over a port expressly brought up from his father's renowned cellars.

'Before I was thought on!' he repeated, as on a pardonable note of pride. 'Yes, sir; it was laid many years before I was thought on; and, without giving anything away, that wasn't yesterday!'

The way Dr. Morison examined them, the words might have hung in a fantastic festoon from the chandelier. Gilian flashed him a look. Were the honour *and* the joke to pass unnoticed? Returned after half a lifetime from an army command 'out East,' The Macruri had not improved a certain choleric tendency of youth, a tendency which had early estranged him from a mildly eccentric if scholarly father. Gilian held his breath. He even

stretched an accidental foot under the table, but could not reach the shins of the dreamer whose eyes glimmered in a contemplation of far-off things.

With a sudden flash of the tiercel in eye and beak, The Macruri paused in very act of lifting his glass to the light, paused and threw a look at his guest.

And, preliminary rites ending in a moment's humid meditation, the good doctor just perceptibly wrinkled his features !

'I have long had a theory,' said he, 'that at fifty every red wine is full of years and begins to go back. Port is the manliest, the most robustious, of all reds, and bespeaks Time with a palatable and rich defiance ; but even port, with all due deference to Mr. Meredith, has its allotted span, and, in my opinion, should never be allowed to cross the Rubicon of forty. . . .'

And Gilian watched the parental purple in gathering storm. For the doctor went on. He amplified. In the choicest language and most whimsical manner in the world he did little less than expound.

Had the laird been a connoisseur, as the antiquary might well have assumed, there was plainly a magical night ahead. But the laird was no connoisseur. And presently, when silence did come, it was as suddenly split by an old soldier's laugh.

'In other words,' said host, laughing yet again, 'in other words, 'tis a damn bad port !'

'Nay, hardly that,' gave the doctor, now festooned sublimely, and warming to it, 'hardly that. I may even say there are times that I discount my own theory, times when I have a belief that somewhere there are asleep, like Ossian and the other sleepers, a bin of every red that has spent its childhood in the sun drinking deep the empurpled glory ; a bin without age and ageless, such as no human palate has ever known nor Parnassian god sampled—asleep somewhere in some Château Romance (name for the claret-queen of wines !) awaiting . . .' He suddenly smiled, twisting the glass stem amusedly. Then he *set down* the glass.

'We have our whimsies, Macruri,' said he. 'Yet it might be a thought for our romancers, this of the sleeping bins.'

For answer The Macruri arose and pulled weightily the bell-rope. To an anxious-looking butler he explained :

'You will remove that'—pointing to the port—'and bring Dr. Morison a cup of tea. You will also bring the Talisker and the ingredients for a whisky punch.' Then he turned to his

guest. 'The port is the oldest my poor cellar contains. Perhaps the tea will wash its taste away.'

And Dr. Alexander Morison came to himself.

## II.

The following morning Gilian waylaid Jean with a fine inadvertence. His casual approach and air of the blandest innocence constituted no mean piece of work, considering internally tempestuous conditions.

'Thought of having a cast on the river to-day,' said he. 'The clouds are perfect and the breeze just right.' He regarded the clouds. 'Thought possibly you might care to . . .' He studied the breeze. 'That rain the day before yesterday—'

'No, thank you very much.'

Then he knew.

He continued to study the breeze for some little time, so that her sudden calm announcement of 'Good-day' flustered him.

'Oh, I say. . . . If there is any—any difference of opinion elsewhere—do you think that's any reason why—why—'

She stood quite still, eyebrows raised a scarce perceptible fraction of excellent astonishment, but otherwise eyes levelly on him, mouth politely closed—while he floundered.

'Dash it all—why—why—oh, you know what I mean,' and he became very red.

'I'm afraid I do not know in the least what you mean.' Her quiet reply was in the very best manner, as though she had been taught the trick of it by her mother and her mother's mother (neither of whom, alas! had she known).

But a man, born of a fighting stock, does not, when it comes to the bit, capitulate easily, particularly in matters of gallantry and the heart; not, anyway, out of sheepishness.

'I mean the way my father behaved to yours. I must admit he took it like a sport—your father, I mean. In a way, you see, he started the blessed business by running down the old man's port—quite unthinkingly, of course.'

'I'm afraid I still do not understand.'

And instantly she was aware she had made her first mistake. He was suddenly able to look at her, searchingly.

Last night she had, of course, got the whole matter out of her father without his being in the least aware of the true inwardness

of the fact. He had merely been inclined to laugh a little to himself over the tea incident, with its certain humorous properties. She had suddenly caught some meaning in the laughter, and, with the jealousy of those who look after their ain, had probed all personal bearings and ramifications. And what amused the father stung the daughter promptly and exceedingly.

Which was as it may be. But that her behaviour should now imply that her father had trooped home to bleat forth his sense of inhospitality was gall and wormwood. And then to appear to deny it! . . . The depth of her white wrath saved her expression. She paled to an edge, but her eyes challenged.

'I'm sorry,' he said. 'I do not mean in any way——'

'Please excuse me. I see my father waiting.'

He raised his cap.

The sort of storm that blows over in time. The Macruri still smarted, of course, at the slur on his cellar. Had it been any ordinary cellar!—but a cellar, far back as he could remember, that had been celebrated amongst the élite not merely of Scotland but of London and the Continent! True, he drank wine himself; could, on occasion, polish off his bottle with the best; but when it came down to a matter of hard, honest fact, wine was a woman's drink, a headachy bilious tippie: in short, a man's drink was spirits, preferably whisky. But admitting so much, that yet any man should tell him in his own house before a wine—a port!—which he could swear no other cellar in the kingdom could produce, that it got worse with age—a port! the only wine of them!—well, 'dammit, give him tea'; then, remembering certain wine terms of the archaeologist's which had stuck, "'dumb," "withered"—be damned!' Followed by certain ungraceful reflections on all that could be expected from the footling minds of earth-grubbers.

All of which, as has been said, would no doubt have blown over in time, had not the learned doctor, this time with a truly miraculous inadvertence, gone and written a column and a half in one of Scotland's two premier newspapers on the ruins of the ancient stronghold of the Macruris. Looked at with unjaundiced eye, there was no paragraph, no sentence nor phrase, that could in any conceivable way reflect on living descendants; and though it might seem to the simple-minded that small matters touching on sheep-stealing, cattle-reaving, blood-feuds, dark territory-acquisitions, and the like gentle occupations of the past, were picturesque and worth quoting from (without the faintest idea,

however, of retaining archaeological and historical perspective)—well, in any sense, that was no concern of Dr. Morison's, whose sole aim had been to indicate, by an analysis of the lay-out and architecture of the old castle, how such pastimes left their plain traces for the archaeologist to read as he ran; in short, whose sole aim in these matters was truth.

So that The Macruri, the purple swelling like a positively charged thunder-cloud, called on his lawyer.

Mr. Mathieson stroked his grey-bearded chin, well aware that this was no time for indecisive words.

'I am afraid,' said he, 'this article, which I have already read, does not give the shadow of a case under the libel laws. It's unfortunate'—he had really read the article with pleasure—'but I am afraid——'

His fear was drowned. It was to be gathered that 'out East' The Macruri, on his most emphatic oath, had frequently meted out summary justice with infinitely less cause than obtained in the present instance. Indeed, in the heat of the moment, Mr. Mathieson was asked, at point-blank, scorching range, what the devil he meant by existing at all if he could not put his trade to its proper use in such a glaring case of attempting to smirch an honourable name and undermine the foundations of one of the oldest houses in the land.

Knowing his soldierly client, the worthy lawyer, though sorely tried, held by a calm demeanour, and bided his time.

When the first onblast had subsided and The Macruri had at last availed himself of a chair, the lawyer indicated that 'something might be done.'

And it was done; so that when in a few days Jean Morison read the 'Letter to the Editor,' signed 'The Macruri,' she, as the saying goes, fairly boiled.

'Sit down, father, and listen to this.'

But when presently she lowered the paper breathlessly—her father was smiling! For a moment she could not speak, and then, in a voice near the breaking point, said she:

'Is it nothing to you, father? Is all that nothing to you? Don't you see it's you who are the doubtful antiquary, the betrayer of hospitality! It's with your name they introduce it all. They find out something wrong in your article, and then—and then—' she lifted the paper—' "to warn your respectable and eminent name that a legion of lesser luminaries and faker antiquaries"—who

don't exist and never did!' cried Jean; 'not in Scotland!—"are only too willing to make dishonest money by publishing picturesque lies that flatter the socialistic element and titillate the credulous mind."' She crumpled up the paper and flung it from her. 'Is that nothing to you, father? And if not to you, is it nothing to the society to which you belong?' Her eyes blazed brilliantly, for a small tear had gathered in each.

'Tut tut, Jeanie!'

'But—but you'll write and show them up, father?'

'Better leave them alone, Jeanie. It's just foolish havers.'

'Well, if you don't I will, father.'

'There, there! Don't take on! I'll do it myself.'

'I'm sorry, dad, but I can't stand it!' She had suddenly flopped to the floor and put her head on his knees. 'It's—it's so mean of them!'

'Don't take on like that, now! Tut tut! I can't understand you. You have laughed at foolisher things than these. There, there, now! You get the writing paper and I'll break the rule we made never to answer this sort of thing.'

'But—but it's not the same,' she said. 'It's—it's mean. I hate them for it! It's horribly mean!'

'All right, all right. There, now; you get the paper and then go and take a long walk to yourself.'

When in due course Jean returned and saw the sheet of note-paper with but a few lines on it, she certainly thought something had failed her father. When she read these few lines she paused, however, poised; then, with a quick nervous laugh, she went and put her arms round his neck.

'Dad, you are the perfect gentleman!'

Dr. Morison had merely respectfully requested to know the grounds for alleging a misstatement of fact in his recent article in view of . . . (followed the names of all distinguished authorities on the subject) as the matter was one of considerable interest not only to archaeologists but to all concerned in historical research.

That was all. He did not even touch on the false source whence he knew the error to be derived.

No reply, of course, could be given to the little rapier thrust, and none was tried—at least not through the Press. Mr. Mathieson, stung by his own error, was at that point where he very nearly gave the laird the door when that gentleman next opened his mind in the inner sanctum. Altogether a stormy interview—that blew



over, as such interviews must, into the necessity for doing something tangible.

'I will get him hounded out the place, I tell you!' said The Macruri. 'Is there anything to stop me?'

'There's an idea there,' said the lawyer.

'Out with it, then!'

'You could take out an interdict against him—trespass, you understand. You could name the old castle. He's very keen on the old castle. In fact, judging by his article, I should imagine he will have much more to say on the subject . . .'

### III.

The history of the succeeding few days was of the keenest local interest, replete with minor incidents, speculative gossip, and the pawkiest of observations. All of which, however, paled into the veriest crusie-light before the consuming blaze of excitement that lit up the countryside the following Thursday night; for on that night both The Macruri and the archaeologist disappeared from human ken, disappeared absolutely, as though the earth, in the old phrase, had suddenly opened and swallowed them up, leaving 'not a trace behind.'

An altogether incredible and astounding performance, but more especially incredible. The gathering of all available lanterns at two o'clock on a mirk morning, winking their restless yellow eyes and weaving their witch-like patterns on a background of nothing; occasional loud-voice hallooing; occasional strangely clad figure accompanied by grotesquely striding shadow—certainly incredible, and of anything but the stuff of black tragedy.

Yet there it was, with possibilities beyond the imaginable! Every now and then, when the mind got the better of its own irrepressible amazement, amazement tickled by the feather of a wild sort of scarce repressible laughter, it did glimpse equally amazing pictures—as, for example, the two interlocked dead bodies with the fingers of The Macruri sunk deep in the gentle antiquary's throat! True phantasmagoria, with as many theories, speculations, contradictory witnesses, as there were grotesque lights and shadows, forebodings and dryness of repressed mirth.

All that was definitely known was of the most useless. In the early afternoon, his forty after-lunch winks completed, the gentle archaeologist had sallied forth in his accustomed unobtrusive

manner, so that his daughter, upstairs, had no more than heard his footsteps crossing the door-step. She had called, 'Remember, dad; dinner early to-night!' for they were 'going out'; and he had answered, 'I'll remember.'

That was all. When he had not returned by six, she wondered; by seven, she grew restless; by eight (dinner utterly spoilt), worried and anxious; by half-past eight she could no longer stay in the house. Every likely spot in the immediate vicinity she visited, until it was actually after nine. Not the least trace. No one had seen him. And here was the twilight deepening, deepening, the foreshadow of black night. Even those who smilingly told her not to worry, that he had probably 'found something and forgotten himself,' began to get more than a shade uneasy beneath their somewhat forced smiles. Every time she returned to the house with a wild hope she left it with a quickened step, a heightened anxiety, until, when she suddenly encountered Gilian in the gloom by the old castle ruins, she was breathless from running and in a state of mind bordering on hysteria.

He stood stock-still when he saw her pale face and wild tragic expression.

'Have you seen my father?'

And Gilian, suddenly staring back at her, did not answer.

They stared at each other for long awful seconds. Tottering a step towards him, she clutched hold of his jacket with both hands.

'What is it?' she asked. Her voice got through her choked throat in the merest whisper.

He caught her hands, tried to shake his expression, to laugh.

'Why, nothing; you merely frightened me.'

But her fingers knotted in his coat, her eyes searched his unbearably.

'You know something . . . you are hiding something . . .'

His head whirled. This sudden, first, physical nearness of her; his own swiftly born, horrible fear: between them, he was lost. If only he might gather her to him, to give him his manhood . . . Convulsively his hands gripped her wrists, the muscles of their own accord drawing her.

'Oh, Gilian,' she whispered, 'tell me at once; tell me—tell me, for I can't bear it.'

'It's nothing,' he managed, new emotions blotting out the swiftly born fear and helping his muscles to draw her nearer still, for he had gotten a little drunk with that calling of his name.

Her flesh suddenly stiffened, rigid, cold ; he felt as though he had been detected in an unspeakable meanness.

'I never saw your father,' he said, unsteadily ; 'never saw him at all.'

'What were you doing here ?'

He had to face her unbearable eyes ; and at once the truth escaped him of its own volition.

'I was looking for my own father.'

He saw her eyes grow rounder, the jaws fall the least bit apart, the very flesh of the cheeks take on that haggard stiffening of hypnotic horror. Slowly she backed from him, the palms of her hands pushing him away as though he were some nameless thing that she could uncoil from only by degrees. And what was being born in her mind he saw, for it was already in his own.

When she broke from him and ran for the old castle, Gilian followed. As she clambered amid the gaunt ruins, startling the owls and bats with her piercing, pitiful wailing of 'Dad ! Dad !' the young man was beset by his first consciousness of the terrible, elemental reality of a woman, and caught a vision of the dread shadows.

He followed her, spoke to her though she paid no heed, kept repeating automatically the thought that probably they were both safely home by this time, till in the end she suddenly fled the grim ruins. When Gilian saw her take the village road, he made for the burn, wading across, leaping fences and dikes, and reaching the manse in sufficient time to get the lady thereof set on the way to intercept the girl at her own home. Then, from laying the case before the minister to the calling of hands for search parties, began the strangest night that ever the peaceful glen had known.

#### IV.

It is hardly in the way of human experience that the stresses and phantasms of such a night could be prolonged into the sober light of day. That a chieftain and a learned doctor could *really* vanish, *really* be killed, or (more by way of eldritch joke) *really* 'do for' each other, was, after all and in sober earnest, not seriously to be entertained. At the back of most minds, all through that night, there was a feeling that 'all this' was in the nature of colossal gowking work, out of which something memorably strange and funny would emerge.

Nothing emerged out of that night, however, but the daylight and their wan faces.

Folk looked at one another in this daylight a trifle uncertainly, blinking, no longer tickled by the feather of a wild laughter.

'Well, men,' said the minister, 'you had better go home and have your breakfasts. When you come back we will consult together and concert further measures.' Nothing more. No expression of hope, nor yet short word of prayer. And with their dead lanterns dangling about their legs, the suddenly weary men took their several ways.

Nor did the next day produce anything—beyond a boding forth of the now unspeakable. To the children, indeed, the sunlight took on that other-worldly, still quality, inalienable characteristic of a Communion Sabbath only. At one o'clock they were 'let off'—but in the little groups of scholars, gathered here and there, there was nothing of the usual rampaging that proclaims the splendour of a 'half-day.' In fact, their whispering subsided into total silence when, at respectful distance from the smiddy door, they beheld in conclave the village notables, including Mr. Mathieson (with a face that looked as though it had been scared by bogles) and the 'maister himsel' with his hat on, and watched big John the blacksmith hammering strips of iron into curved and pointed grappling-hooks.

Hurried comings and goings. Telegrams to and from the post-office. Arrivals of strange men and dogs—dogs that had never been seen in the parish before, dogs with queer flopping ears that quickly got known, however, and awesomely respected, as the school-book bloodhounds.

By the evening one or two sharp young men arrived in a racing car. They interviewed everybody, including Gilian Macruri and Jean Morison, for, blowing in from the unmannerly outside world, they had no sense of the native awe of, and delicacy of feeling for, the principal figures in a tragedy. So that on Saturday morning sleepy, lost Glenruri was found very much awake on the world's breakfast table, propped against water-jug or coffee-pot.

An exciting, thrilling business, 'one of the strangest mysteries of a century.' Henceforth over two thousand freshly arranged words per day were managed by the average newspaper—dramatic stuff, piquant, breathless. Surely nothing less than a world's sensation.

For these young bloodhounds were far more productive in their

methods than their clumsier, four-footed brethren. When they considered they had squeezed out of Glenruri the last drop of its remote wildness, its beauty—'this romantic glen set far from the madding crowd'—they then proceeded to pour into it the essence-extract and component ingredients necessary to the making of a 'weird human drama.' Squeezed out and poured in with a continuously varying and ever marvellous jugglery.

Inevitably the estrangement that had existed between The Macruri and the learned archaeologist came in for a deal of varied and searching comment, but generally was touched upon in that sort of 'alleged' manner that heightened the desired effect with due journalistic artistry, 'not that it was considered desirable to dwell on such aspects of the case, as any mind naturally incapable of dealing with evidence might thereupon be easily driven to imaginative conclusions altogether unwarranted, apart from the undesirable repercussions on the personal elements in the case.'

The 'personal elements' in the case were, of course, Jean Morison and Gilian Macruri; and, subtlety of subtleties, though nothing of a certain sort of youthful relationship was directly suggested even by the most hardened young bloodhound, yet there was scarcely a woman anywhere, who dropped the newspaper that husband or lodger had dropped before her, but sighed. More poignantly, may it be said, when the Sunday press exhibited side-by-side photographs.

One is tempted to follow these young men anywhere but in their efforts to interview the 'principals.' Once, indeed, the unexpected click of a camera had driven Jean, with nerves momentarily lost, into the darkest corner of her blind-drawn bedroom, there to sob horribly. She felt at times with acuteness that whelmed: short, stark, muscle-stiffening spasms. But a great part of the time she lived in a dazed, unreal world, occasionally without any feeling whatsoever, moving about like an automaton. Nature is merciful with those Lethean fingers of hers. Yet the sleepless nightmare of that first night and following day had touched her face, the fragile blue hollows below her eyes, to a wraith-like beauty of unreality that would surely have pierced with a shaft of pain even the hide of a bloodhound.

However, there was one saving factor even in her case; she nursed a continuously prompting delusion. While they had raked the stagnant waters of the moat by the old castle with big John the blacksmith's grappling hooks, no one, not even the minister's

wife, could prevail on her to 'come away,' though when they raked the other dozen places from Loch Dhu to the Falls-pool on the burn, she paid no heed. She had a feeling that her father's spirit hovered about these old ruins as about a playground, and that there she could get into touch, find a little peace.

*But one person she could not bear—Gilian. The thought of him went through her flesh like a contorting, electric shock. Stiffened on her bed, at mere thought of him she would stifle with her pillow an urgent, unreasoning desire to scream.*

## V.

*By the following Thursday morning all hope was abandoned, and the newspapers were searching for analogies even as far as the Marie Céleste. For here there could be no question of crime; even in the strictest sense it was pure unadulterated mystery.*

Gilian Macruri, sleepless eyes hollowed and burning, had spent this Thursday morning searching for anything in the nature of a clue from wine cellars to attics, and by the afternoon had come to rest, mid a growing litter of all sorts of documents, before his father's desk. When his restless fingers did accidentally move a small sliding panel, revealing a little bundle of letters neatly tied, he drew forth the bundle with no excitement. From an address in a delicate feminine hand on the top envelope he gathered that these were love-letters from his grandmother to his scholarly paternal grandfather. He turned them over on his palm a trifle thoughtfully; sat staring past them at nothing for quite a long time; sighed, and, on the verge of replacing them, observed what looked like a notebook in the same concealed pigeon-hole. Drawing it forth, he turned over its pages at haphazard, glimpsing the neat, scholarly handwriting, the French words, row on row, revealing much of France's more interesting geography, the rarer excursions outward to the Spey valley, to Portugal and Spain, to the white Rhine valley, with dates, copious marginal remarks, compressed footnotes—in all a perfect maze of figures and small handwriting. He read snatches here and there, smiled a little uncertainly as though they had the air reminiscent of . . . then he remembered—of the archaeologist. Turned the pages backward till his eye rested on a whole first page of introductory matter. Started reading half-heartedly, was gradually absorbed by the queerest little piece of lawless self-revelation, was quickened presently into



reading with growing, amazed interest; turned the absorbing page to find on its back the neatest thing in the way of diagrams that ever he had seen from human pen.

So the tales about his grandfather's eccentricities may not have been all myths: the occasional stranger from nowhere, the midnight expeditions and disappearances, the ghostly lights . . .

Gilian sat in his chair in the gathering dusk of that second Thursday, disturbed by what he had read, much as the very young can be disturbed by the gripping realism of old mediaeval tales of dwarfs and haunted towers. At any other time—what an interesting find this would have been! At any other . . .

On the remote boundaries of his consciousness the thought swam into being, swam like a vague nucleus, a nucleus that gathered round it, as he yet watched, an impossible body of living matter. . . .

Quite impossible! He jumped to his feet, upsetting the waste-paper basket and sending papers planing in confusion to the floor. Absolutely impossible! Mad, in fact! But, in the name of Heaven, if—if—! . . . Seven days!

Because of the nights without sleep, of the feverish expenditure of energy in the endless searching, because, in other words, he was utterly worn out, his heart could be made to throb inconveniently for very little. It now pounded thuddingly against his ribs, so that he had to sit down again. He tried to calm himself, to consider the thing sanely, to realise that all this amounted to exactly nothing. And having convinced himself, promptly forgot he was convinced, jumped to his feet, stuffed the notebook into an inside pocket, and quickly passed out of this comparatively modern home of the very ancient Macruris.

Arrived at the old castle, he took his first bearings from the inner corner of the right-hand side of the main entrance gate. Back turned to this, he found it the simplest matter to get his main line of approach from directions so clearly given. In the gathering dusk the great ruin loomed grimly before him, every angle of its six-foot-thick walls cut starkly on the tenderest of evening skies: a vast mediaeval tomb of a place full of dead things, of tortured things and twisted visions, yet, for all that, shuddering home of the unrepentant in his soul. He never looked on that forbidding tomb of the past but he felt his foot with a thrill on the very neck of his heritage. For Gilian Macruri the place had no ghostly terrors and, because the shadows were deepening, he hurried, his

mind excitedly intent on what might be revealed at the end of his quest.

But whatever Gilian Macruri expected to find at the end of his quest, certain it is that the very last thing on earth was the body of Jean Morison.

The body was lying crumpled up, the black dress bringing into ghastly relief the pallor of the skin ; it was lying in a grass-grown, dungeon-like place, strewn with fallen stones, and set hard under the right main wall, the sort of place the casual visitor looks down into, thinking of prisoners, the clank of chains, and—the rest. In his haste Gilian just missed jumping on the body.

And if he had been within an ace of treading on the most deadly snake, he could not have shown more carven, horrible immobility. Even when presently he stooped the action was slow, automatic ; but no sooner had his hands touched her than, with a flurrying of the heart, the blood went pounding through him, and wildly he gathered her yielding, infinitely desirable, crumpled beauty in his arms. So strangely complex the interwoven web of the instincts, indeed, that as he pressed her up against his breast he began to rock her, uttering urgent, unintelligible things crooningly, from which her Christian name emerged every now and again like a cry from a stricken soul.

So that out of a great unfathomable sleep—the first real sleep in seven terrible days and nights—Jean Morison awoke, struggling slowly, obscurely back to consciousness. Her eyes were wide upon him for what appeared to Gilian an ageless time before understanding flooded the staring irises. Once before she had uncoiled from him slowly, slowly ; now, however, before his astonishment had quite signalled the intelligence to his mind, she had leapt from his arms with a tigerish swiftness, and was every inch away she could get, back to the wall, eyes flashing, breast heaving over panting lungs. They glared at each other there in that darkling dungeon as though previous incarnations had known their hunted wooings and wild hypnotic fears.

Gilian recovered himself at last and, taking a step towards her, was about to speak when she suddenly wheeled and began climbing the wall. Without wasting an instant on thought, he sprang forward, caught her, and hauled her back.

She did not struggle, but, getting clear a pace or two, looked half-coweringly, yet more defiantly, into his face. Her breath came in quick, stabbing gasps.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

She searched his face, and he knew, as though they were in the first forest, that she wanted to hide something from him, that she wanted to escape, and that she wanted to do both according to the instincts of her sex. He also sensed (with no previous psycho-analytic training) that she was in the grip of a 'complex,' and that he alone possessed the power to deliver her. His eyes became watchful, with a certain overbearing mastery.

'What's the matter?'

The instinct to defy weakened until it just balanced the instinct to cower.

'I heard his voice,' she said. She said it challengingly.

His eyelids narrowed, his features hardened and went even a shade paler. He saw clearly that she thought he did not believe her, that he was imagining she had got a little unhinged. He saw also that she did not quite know what to believe about it herself.

'Oh, I did, I did!' she cried suddenly; 'and then I—I fell asleep.'

He stretched out what was intended to be a calming hand, but at the first touch of his fingers she leapt for the wall like a wild thing. He caught her again and hauled her back; but now, instead of stiffening, she struggled with such unexpected intensity that, still holding on, he found himself staggering drunkenly amongst the strewn boulders until, striking up against one violently, he overbalanced. To prevent a sudden crash against the jagged masonry he put a boot against a crevice in the inner wall, and lo! the inner wall instantly opened and swallowed them up.

## VI.

They landed softly withal, if headlong, as though a rich carpet, spread over a wool mattress, bottomed that dark inner vault. The breath was knocked out of them, but they were fortunate enough to retain, however slimly for a few moments, the outline of their senses. As the breath came back the outline was filled in; and, in truth, so adaptable is the human animal that within a very short time Gilian, as he felt her fingers cleaving strenuously to his arm, was not indisposed to regard the whole fantastic business as anything but a fall from the light. Rather did they sit like two humans suddenly shot into some incredible, but not unmanageable, dimension of any number beyond the third. Though it was dark

enough, there were cantrip glimmerings of the soul, and—yes, now that they dared move, a dim, yellow, but quite material radiance behind their backs. . . .

When suddenly in that cavernous place there uprose a voice, saying :

‘ In archaeology, Macruri, there are two fundamental processes : having studied your criteria, you, first, examine by sections and, second, dissect by layers. These formulae, peculiar to the most interesting and yet most disinterested study in the world, are also, as you have now observed, applicable, with hardly less than a sublime use of analogy, to this serene contemplation of the mysterious metamorphoses of pure sunlight into bottled nectar, whereby all the life-giving properties of the sun take on the glowing, occult, inspired attributes of the divine mind itself. . . . ’

Jean huddled closer, but already a change was coming over the spirit of Gilian, who was grandson to his grandsire. As the words mellowed to his ear, he gathered how these two, with flourish of interdict between, had struggled in the dungeon overhead ; how they had fallen, antiquary a-top ; how the first tappit-hen ( ‘ O thou spheroidal shape with neck sunk in crouse cantiness, well I knew by the beating of my heart that thy Rabelaisian exterior ensphered a great soul ! ’ ) had been discovered, and its beak brought to the unconscious laird’s lips, and how thereafter. . . .

‘ . . . And dimly you may remember, yet farther back in the aeons of time, O noble Macruri, how once, in a prophetic moment, I bespoke you—of the sleeping bins ! . . . ’

To his feet got Gilian with that grave deliberation a man shows at a moment fraught with the highest masculine adoration, and began slowly to walk his way to the yellow radiance. And Jean, because she had sudden knowledge of this acquisition of masculine virtue in the man, got to her feet also and followed a little way behind, her hand cleaving to his hand.

And when they came by the shaft of yellow radiance the sight that met their questing eyes was a true marvel, for the single burning candle cast the strangest shadows upon the scene. Indeed, for a moment the effect of Saturnalian extravaganza stopped their breathing in the throat and left rounding eyes to make the best of it.

Double magnums and magnums, bottles and pints, imperial quarts, jeroboams and tappit-hens—all, all the immortal company, leaning each as his bacchanalian emptiness had left him—to be

gleamed at impishly by cut edge of shapely glass and fantastic decanter, to be danced upon by hunchback shadow, while all around in the scarce penetrable darkness lay the army of unimaginable dreams, each on his side, pillowed by aged lace of soft cobwebbery, against the coming of the great Awakener.

And the Awakener was come ! Sitting at an open Cellar Book, feather quill poised lightly over ebon ink-bottle, surrounded on every hand, ay, and on every foot, by Bottle in all his wonderful and luring shapes, was Dr. Alexander Morison, gleaming eyes dream-fraught, and voice rhythmic-cadenced as of the inspired. And at the other end of the table, legs crossed, head thrown back, eyes lost in wordless contemplations, sat The Macruri hearing the Awakener's voice like the droning of humble bees in the clover fields of Valhalla.

A goodly sight, not without its inspirational content. Gilian's head rose a trifle as befitted one aware of his part in the old proud pageant of man.

But Jean Morison, as one of the life-giving and older pageant of women, capable of missing a babe's sock on the threshold of Paradise, lifted her mouth towards Gilian's ear and whispered intensely :

' Oh, Gilian, they will be starving ! '

Gilian blinked, and in trying to adjust his view-point caught sight of her mouth. The red flower of it, set in the lily pallor of her face, glowed like the secret rose of all desire, so that the old proud pageant of man passed from before his eyes.

Said he, softly, ' I, too, am starving.' And because of this new mastery in him she was confused, and hid her face against him, and reaching out her arms clung to him.

' But I love my father, too, oh, Gilian,' said she.

## *BUSH STRATEGY.*

### *A MORAL FROM THE WEST COAST.*

BY SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, BART., K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

'SOFTLY, softly catchee monkey' is a West Coast proverb, meaning patience wins the day. The following experience shows it to be a precept most valuable in practice :

### A STRIKE IN THE BUSH.

'Them dam-blood Krobos say no going work to-day.'

'Why?'

'Him no got salt for belly.'

This was the announcement by Musa, my Haussa orderly, as he brought to my hammock my early morning cocoa.

'Salt?' I asked.

'Yas, Sah. Him dam fella no can work if he no getting salt in belly.'

'Well, what can we do about it?'

'My thinking, master's talking-whip make plenty good for salt'; and he said this with the slightest extra twinkling wrinkle to the corner of his wrinkled eye, did the little ramrod.

'Call the king here.' (Without undue swank there is a great joy in cursing a real live king, especially when one is merely in one's pyjamas.)

So I talked to Matikoli, the King of the Krobos. I told him that in any case he himself would be fined one shilling, and that he must explain to his men that they would get no salt at this camp, partly because there was no salt for them to get, and partly because they threatened to strike for it; but at the next camp, that evening, there would be plenty of salt, but only for those who had worked well during the day. Meantime the other companies in the corps, like the Adansis, the Mumfords, the Elminas, the Winnebabs, and the rest were all doing their work, and if the Krobos were absent from work when I came round later on, their day's pay would be divided among the other companies.

Then, having swiggd my cocoa, I started out, lightly clad in pyjamas and moccasins, to look into the trouble. The camp was



empty, except for the Krobos—some three hundred of them. These were squatting in studied unconcern, with their backs towards my hut, listening politely but unresponsively to their king's report of his interview with me.

The proposed solution evidently held little appeal in it to the strikers, and the backward squint at me out of the corner of more than one eye, to see how I took it, gave me a line to go upon.

So I called aloud to the king to warn his men that I was now going to fetch our old friend the 'whip that talks,' and that the last man in camp would be the one he would talk to.

I moved with a joyous step to my tent, and when I came out again a minute later and gave one resounding crack with my hunting crop, the whole party had scrambled to their feet and were already humping their packs on to their shoulders or heads as they ran, laughing and jabbering like a lot of boys just let out from school.

Strikes of this kind were an everyday occurrence in the native contingent, but having no less than seven or eight different tribes in it—some of them unable to speak each other's language—it was possible for two white men to control the lot, since we always had a balance of 'blacklegs' on our side.

#### ISIQWAQWA.

In addition to the 'whip that talks,' I had also another moral persuader in the shape of 'Isiqwaqwa'—a Colt repeating carbine. This little weapon could bang away from its magazine a dozen rounds if need be as fast as a man could fire. On the first day of my command I gave to my force a little demonstration of its powers.

Taking a pawpaw tree as my objective—a tall, thin, bare tree with a crown of leaves at the top and a bunch of fruit like small melons—I let fly continuous rapid fire, splashing the fruit unmercifully into the air.

As the last cartridge left the magazine I flung the rifle down with dramatic force, saying: 'There, he can go on for ever like that. That is what will make us safe from the Ashantis. Woe betide the men to whom the little gun speaks. Do you hear?' (with intention). 'Woe betide the men to whom the little gun speaks!!!'

The repetition was allowed to sink in with its special meaning for them, and it did. The warning was remembered later on.

As an insurance against mutiny, a paternal Government had supplied me with a special body-guard of eight hammock men from Sierra Leone. Their country, manners, customs, and language being entirely alien to those of my contingent, would keep them as a *corps d'élite*, a thing apart, a reliable guard for me.

We were having a day's halt, a day's rest for all. (Here, incidentally, I would give a tip to any tenderfoot going out to the coast. Experience shows that the rest-day on a march is the day for getting fever, so whenever you have a day's halt make a point of going in for some strenuous form of activity to keep the pores open to their usual extent.)

We were having a day's halt, and I went for my bit of health exercise, accompanied by my faithful Musa carrying Isiqwaqwa. I took a wide circle in the thick bush round the camp which brought me eventually on to the path by which our force had moved up from the coast, and I went back some distance along this to see how our bridges, etc., were standing. On returning towards camp, whom should we meet round a bend but my body-guard, the whole eight of them, coming down the path?

There was a startled halt among them, the front man—and there was only room for one or at most two abreast in the path—tried to back out of his position, but his mates in rear urged him forward.

Thus pressed, he grasped his cudgel tightly and put on a look of determination that he evidently was not feeling; he bent his knees and prepared to attack.

I noticed that his mates also had furnished themselves with bamboo clubs. They evidently meant business.

At this moment my orderly from behind me thrust Isiqwaqwa into my hands, saying 'Blood dam fella. Shoot him, Master.'

But there was no need to shoot. The very sight of the little gun crumpled up the party.

'Drop your sticks' was my order to them. 'Hands up! About turn—quick march.'

And so we proceeded all the way back to camp to the astonished, grinning gaze of the whole regiment. My pampered eight had few friends among that crowd, and this was soon made evident.

With a few strokes of his axe good Musa felled a young tree so that, supported by its butt at one end and its branches at the other, it lay along the ground at the height of a foot or so above it.

He made our prisoners sit down side by side on the ground facing the tree, with their legs pushed forward under it; then he

made each in turn bend over the trunk till his hands touched his feet. With tapes made of bark fibre he then fastened each man's thumbs to his big toes, and in this improvised form of stocks he left the eight mutineers to be jeered upon by the rest of the contingent.

To these it was the most joyous evening's entertainment they had had for a long time; it gave opportunity for every aspiring humorist to exhibit whatever he possessed in the way of a turn of wit or sarcasm, and none failed to take advantage of it. They properly flailed those wretched Sierra Leoners.

When night came on and the camp retired to sleep, the prisoners saw their chance for turning the tables and getting a bit of their own back; if they were to be uncomfortable so should we be. They arranged between them to start yowling and to maintain a dismal howling through the night, two of them taking it in turn to keep it up.

When the dirge first broke out it certainly startled me out of my first sleep, and I was furiously meditating how best to stop it; but before I could take any definite steps it abruptly ended of itself as suddenly as it had begun.

But the last chord was rendered *con amore* with a sharp yell as a finale. On looking out to see what was happening I found that my faithful henchman, directly the duet began, had crept up behind the performers with a stout whippy cane and had delivered cuts one and two on their bended backs, with the assurance that he would go on beating the time in this way so long as they continued to sing.

That stopped the serenade for the night, and for the rest of the campaign my body-guard men were the most trusted and the least lazy in my little army.

#### A BUSH CAMPAIGN.

It may perhaps be well to explain that this contingent of which I have been talking formed the advance guard of a British force about a hundred miles up country advancing from the Gold Coast into the country of the Ashantis.

The object of the expedition was to compel the king of those people to carry out his treaty engagements, one of which was to put a stop to human sacrifice, and to cease slave-raiding among neighbouring tribes which were under British protection.

This advanced guard comprised a levy of eight hundred friendly natives of different tribes, under two white officers. Its main duty was to act as a reconnoitring force of scouts and of pioneers to clear a path for the main body through the dense forests which covered the whole tract of country in which we were operating.

A point which is often not realised by those who have no experience of a forest wilderness is that not only is there a tangle of underwood and creepers to be got through, but there are also almost as many fallen trees as trees standing, and in this particular forest many of those were trees of 200 feet in height, with a diameter of 6 or 8 feet; so that to climb over them was more arduous work than to walk round them, and that was bad enough.

Added to this the ground underfoot was generally wet and often boggy, while the atmosphere in which one worked was heavy, hot, and steamy.

The duty of my crew, then, was to make a way through all this for the British troops and for the trains of supply-carriers coming along behind.

We cut our path straight through the jungle by compass direction, taking it over the fallen tree-trunks by earthen ramps piled up on either side; boggy places were 'corduroyed' with logs, and the frequent streams and watercourses were bridged over.

At stated distances clearings of several acres were made in the undergrowth, sheds were erected and thatched, to form rest-camps for the troops; store huts were also built for reception of supplies, and forts were made round them for their protection.

And all the time this was being done we had to keep a crowd of scouts and outposts ahead and around us to guard against surprise, and to gain what news they could of our enemies' moves and intentions.

We had plenty of occupation for our men if only they could be kept to their work. But work was not habitually in their line at all. It was only by treating them cheerily and like children that work could be got out of them. They were quite ready to laugh and sing, but equally ready to sulk and to mutiny, according to the cue you gave them.

Patience, and always patience, was the only way. But patience and cheeriness are not such easy virtues to come by in that soggy heat, with fever knocking you out, and anxiety and responsibility ever weighing on your shoulders.

But somehow things shaped themselves.

## BUSH STRATEGY.

Then on a blessed day there came creeping through the bush two messengers from the enemy in front. They were emissaries from the King of Bekwai, one of the tributary chiefs of the King of Ashanti, whose territory lay close to the line of our approach.



Within a day or so our road, as we were cutting it, would bring us to an Ashanti village called Essian Qwanta, and at this point a branch path led off to Bekwai town, some twelve miles to the north-west. The King of Bekwai, realising that he would be the first to get it in the neck from the British, sent these messengers to say that he was anxious to surrender and to come under the British flag, but he added that if this were known to Prempeh, the Ashanti king, it would mean a very prompt end to him, unless we could be there to save him.

Of course, our simplest step would be to press on and hold Essian Qwanta, and so to be in touch with him. But our scouts now reported that the Ashantis had a strong force waiting for us at that point, and ready to resist our advance.

And my written orders from headquarters were that on no account was I to attack or to provoke a fight! Here was a dilemma and a problem. I don't know how you, reader, would solve it. Look at the map and think. Anyhow, this is what we did.

Collecting all our force from outlying detachments, including two companies of Haussas who were not far from us on the road, together with all available food supplies, we made everything ready with the expressed purpose of making an advance towards Essian Qwanta at early dawn next day.

However, as soon as darkness set in, when there was no longer any fear of men deserting to the enemy or of hostile scouts coming to look at us (since no native would go alone in the bush after dark), to everybody's surprise the order went round quietly to fall in; simple but full instructions were given to every man; loads were distributed, ammunition cast loose, and, as my diary says: 'The word was given to march, not that any word was heard, but the long line of men, standing like a wall in the gloom, was seen to be slipping quietly along to where it was lost in the dark tunnel of the bush.'

But this was not in the direction of Essian Qwanta. Our plan was to leave a few scouts to 'tickle' the enemy's front at that point and meanwhile to make a secret night march with our whole force through the bush (see dotted line on the map) to Heman, and so to pass by the flank of the force at Essian Qwanta, and to be in position next day both to ensure the safety of Bekwai and to have his support, while, if necessary, we could attack Essian Qwanta from the rear and cut off the retreat of its garrison from Kumassi.

That was our plan, but we had that jungle and an active, watchful enemy to contend with. Could we do it?

#### A NIGHT MARCH.

It was nine miles as the crow flies from our camp to Heman; but such a nine miles! It lay through such jungle as I have just described, and in pitch darkness, for, although there was a moon, not a ray of its light could penetrate the screens of leafage overhead, and we could only advance in a single file of eight hundred



men, one behind the other, and those men heavily loaded and very timid by nature.

However, nothing venture, nothing win.

Fortunately we had the assistance of the two companies of regular Haussa armed police to give backbone to the force. Cheery, disciplined fellows they were too, reminding one very much of our little fighting friends, the Gurkhas in India.

So we went forward on our adventure. The only guide for each man was the white patch of cloth or bark worn for that purpose on the back of the man in front of him, each man feeling his footing with a light staff.

This was important, for at every step you stumbled over a hummock, tripped on a root, or were tangled in a creeper or were ploughing in a swamp.

All around was the deep, dark silence of the forest, only broken at rare intervals by the crack of a trodden stick. One could scarcely believe that several hundred people were moving through it—slowly, it is true, but still moving ever forward.

Fallen trees were frequent, and tangled bush and streams combined to check the pace and to break the continuity of the column.

Each man took his several seconds to negotiate the obstacle and lost a few yards of distance in doing so, and thus every minute saw the column growing longer and more disconnected. This could only be remedied by frequent halts and slow marching at the head.

Occasionally a check would come from the head itself. Marching in file, you would suddenly come bump up against the man in front of you, and, like a goods train of loaded trucks, the whole party would bump itself in succession to a standstill.

It was past two in the morning before our advanced scouts sent back word that they were at Heman village, where all was quiet; and it was past four o'clock before the whole of our force was safely collected there.

Our native scouts, backed by a party of Haussas, crept quietly down the path towards Essian Qwanta to watch against surprise from that direction.

Meanwhile the people of the little hamlet of Heman, who were Bekwais, surprised by our sudden invasion, were quickly calmed when they found us friendly, and they informed us that the Ashantis had as yet made no move against their king, and had evidently no suspicion of his defection.

So here we rested awhile.

Then with daylight came good news. Excited runners brought us messages from the Hausa officer who had gone to watch Essian Qwanta. The Ashanti scouts had somehow got wind of our move, and the garrison of that post, realising that we had got round their flank, were now hurriedly making good their retreat towards Kumassi.

So without a fight we had gained our point and cleared the road for our main body.

Once more it was a case of patience having her victories no less renowned than attack.

At the same time it enabled us to join hands with Bekwai. Nor did we delay to do it. We sent runners on to tell the king we were coming.

Ten miles further marching, tired though our men were, was fairly easy, since it was along a path and in broad daylight; and the whole force emerged at length from the forest into the clearing which, with its four streets of native houses, constituted the town of Bewkai.

#### A STATE CEREMONIAL.

Without delay I proceeded to the so-called palace, a collection of neatly made wattle and daub buildings with thatched roofs, and was at once received by the king in council with his chief men.

I read to him a letter from my General assuring him of British protection, and received his evidently earnest thanks for the prompt coming of the protecting force. The following morning was devoted to the ceremony of hoisting the British flag, and small as the matter seemed to be at first it developed into a very impressive function. African monarchs are very hard to hurry; but there was much business to be done, and business on an expedition such as this has to be done quickly. So that, after several messages requesting the king's wishes as to where and when the ceremony of hoisting the flag should take place, I had the staff set up in a spot of my own choosing, paraded my force, and sent to tell the king that all was ready. This had the desired effect in the end, although the guard of honour of the Hausssas and of the scouts had some time to wait before the din of drums and horns and the roaring of the crowd told that the royal procession was on the move. Presently it came in sight—a vast, black crowd of some thousands surging and yelling round the litters on which

the king and his chiefs were borne. Above and around them twirled the great State umbrellas. In front were bands of drummers with small drums, then dancing men who leaped and whirled along, fetish men in quaint head-dresses, drummers with kettle-drums, trumpeters with their human-jaw-bedecked ivory horns, and then the great war drums carried shoulder-high and hung with skulls (which latter were, however, for this occasion, covered with a strip of cloth, signifying that it was a peace ceremony). There were the king's court criers with their tiny black-and-white caps, and running before and behind there rushed the crowd of slave boys carrying their masters' stools upon their heads. The roar and the drumming became intense as the procession came rushing up the road—for it moved at a fast pace—and the umbrellas whirling and leaping gave a great amount of life and bustle to the scene. At last the throne and chairs were set, and the people marshalled by degrees into some sort of order. I then offered to the king the flag with all its advantages, which the king, with much spirit in his words, eagerly accepted; every phrase he used, besides being formally applauded by the chorus of court criers, was evidently fully approved of by the concourse.

The king then moved from his seat to the flagstaff. Though it was but a few paces the move involved no small amount of ceremony. The umbrella had to be kept twirling over him while the bearer of it moved only on the ball of the foot. Men went before to clear every stick and straw from the royal path. The fetish man, in a handsome Red Indian kind of feather head-dress and a splendid silver belt, appeared to bless the scene. One man supported the king by holding his waist, and was himself similarly supported by two or three others in succession behind. Another mopped the king with a handkerchief, while boys, armed with elephants' tails, kept off stray flies from the royal presence. The king was dressed in a kind of patchwork toga with a green silk scarf, on his head a small tortoiseshell cap, and on his wrists, among the pendant fetish charms, he wore some splendid bracelets of rough gold nuggets and human teeth. In all his barbaric splendour the king moved up to the flagstaff. The flag was at the masthead in a ball, and as he pulled the halyard that let it fall out in long, gaudy folds, the band of the Haussas struck up 'God Save the Queen' and the troops presented arms. The king made a gesture as of going to sleep, with his head on his hand, and said that under the flag he should rest in peace until he died.

## THE AFTERMATH.

If I were to close the incident here as if all were successfully completed it would not be true to general experience with native rulers, nor true to the history of this particular case.

So here is an addendum.

It was only right and proper that after saving the king's life and kingdom we should ask something tangible of him in return.

The expedition was being delayed by want of carriers and pioneers, so I put it to him that the men whom he would otherwise have had to supply as his contingent to the Ashanti army to fight against us, numbering some three thousand, should now be transferred to our aid.

'Certainly; of course,' was his reply. 'Which kind is most needed?'

'Carriers.'

'How many and when?'

'A thousand in two days' time.'

Well, yes. He couldn't quite do that, but we could rely upon two hundred in six days from now!

'Well, what about soldiers?' (We knew that he had two thousand already mustered under arms for the Ashanti army.)

Yes, he could supply these, that is one thousand, to-morrow.

'All right,' said I. 'I will take those and use them as carriers till the carriers are available.'

Oh no, that would never do. Soldiers did not know how to carry loads. In that case no men would be available.

'Very good. Then to-morrow I take down the British flag and march my force away.'

This threat, of course, immediately reversed the whole thing, and he suddenly estimated that he could manage all that we had asked, and only wanted another day or two in which to palaver with his chiefs.

One felt inclined to stop this eternal palaver by doing something very desperate and playing the high hand on him. But again the refrain whispered in one's ears: 'Softly, softly; patience wins the day.'

While we made pause my good spies, who were keeping their eyes open all the time, reported that two civilised natives had just secretly arrived from the coast and gone into the palace.

Almost simultaneously two Ashantis had quietly slipped in from the direction of Kumassi.

This gave one the excuse for 'direct action.'

The Haussas were paraded forthwith, and in double-quick time formed a cordon round the palace so that none could enter or go out. The time had come to show that under our velvet glove there was some iron.

I called forth the king and presented quite a new face to him. I told him at once to hand over the four messengers to me as prisoners, which, after a little futile denying, he did.

Then pressing my advantage, for those Haussas round the palace gave a wonderful moral effect, I now repeated my full demands and *directed*, instead of suggesting, his immediate compliance.

There was no longer any hesitation. He carried out our orders to the full. And that was the end of all delay and shiftiness on the part of Bekwai. He played up and whole-heartedly played the game for us for the rest of the campaign.

Thus the door to Kumassi was opened without bloodshed; 'Softly, softly' had caught the monkey.

## *THE COMIC SONGS OF 100 YEARS AGO.*

BY A. E. SNODGRASS.

HISTORY does not tell who first wrote comic songs, but if they do not date from before the Flood we have certainly had a Niagara of them since. Their evolution down the centuries would form an interesting study. If Mr. Bernard Shaw put his pen to such a treatise he might conceivably entitle it: 'Why People Don't Laugh, or the influence of the Comic Song in making us a serious-minded nation.' But though an anthology of comic songs would scarcely provide side-splitting reading, it must not be presumed that their level of humour has never risen above a flatly contradictory assertion concerning the possession of bananas, or the delectableness of a 's'nice mince pie.' Nothing changes more swiftly than the popular sense of fun. Who would laugh to-day if a man in a crowded tramcar shouted 'Form Fours!' or a comedian in the halls described a quartermaster as a philanthropist? Yet within a handful of years these japes were guaranteed to make any average audience rock with laughter. Sufficient, indeed, for its day is the comic song thereof. Nothing created ever died so young; because, no doubt, the 'gods' love them. They expire of a galloping consumption, and their burial induces fewer tears than their existence often impelled. Yet are they brief chronicles of the times, candles in the wind of events. And as such they are worthy of some consideration and contemplation.

Whatever they did at the Court of King Arthur, we know that professional jesters in the mediaeval ages did not exploit the comic song. They seem to have stopped being funny when they sang and to have gone in for plaintive ballads. They many times and oft set the table on a roar with a witty comment, but when the lute struck up they never ventured anything more comic than a 'Hey, nonny, nonny.' This is the more remarkable when we remember that the mother-in-law was invented quite on the threshold of time, though, of course, the habit of men coming home from clubs in the early morning to meet an angry wife is a product of a much later civilisation. The man who first put his mother-in-law into a comic song set a fashion which has only quite recently fallen out. Before the good lady stepped into the jingle, the comic



song was wont to tell a brief story of some contretemps or human foible, each verse rounding up with a go-as-you-please chorus of 'Ri-tol-de-rol-dol' or 'Rumpty-tumpty-tum-tum,' which gave scope for much noise and another dip into the wassail bowl.

Now on my table as I write are two small bound volumes containing the words of some of the comic songs of a century ago. They are in manuscript, the extremely neat and legible handwriting of my grandfather, who undertook this painstaking task when he was living at Bath, and whose encounter there with Charles Dickens led to the novelist's adoption of his name for one of the 'Pickwick Papers' characters. (This is another story, of course, but Dickens found many 'Pickwick' names on his visit to Bath; for example, the Pickwick Coach ran from Bath to London, there was a shopkeeper Tupman in the High Street, a Weller's stables, and a Wardle selling wares.) My grandfather's collection of doggerel ditties—probably unique of its kind, and especially interesting in its Dickensian associations—affords quite diverting reading; while in conjuring up a picture of the good old times, with mine host of mine inn bustling about, and the flames of the huge log fire glinting on the polished oak and the crystal glasses, the twin volumes serve as a veritable magic wand. I have it on record that these songs were sung in the Caledonian Tavern at Bath, and it requires no excessive gifts of imagination to reconstruct the scene with Dickens as one of the company—having casually looked in—taking stock of the human material around him while he listened to some such rousing chorus as this :

' Sing whack for the Paddies !  
 Their mammies and daddies !  
 Be their hearts free from sorrow, their hands free from toil.  
 May they fight for the freedom  
 Of nations that need 'em,  
 And Pat never want a potatee to boil ! '

There are about sixty songs and recitations in the twin volumes, many of them enlivened by spoken patter. How many are original with my grandfather I do not know, but I have documentary proof that he was much given to literary composition of a kindred character. Perhaps this fact induced Dickens to make his Augustus Snodgrass a person of poetical bent.

Let us dip into these volumes and dig out of their age-browned leaves some of the fun and harmony of other days. One song is

a jeremiad told by a broken-hearted gardener who laments the fickleness of his sweetheart. He sings :

' I'm like a scarlet runner that has lost its stick,  
Or a cherry that's left for a dicky bird to pick.'

And again :

' I cry like a leek as I walk with my barrow ;  
She's my forget-me-not and my vegetable marrow.  
My heart's nearly burst, I wish I could hate her,  
For her heart is hard and she's cold as a tater.'

' Joe, the Ballad Monger ' runs into fifteen verses, introducing in their course the titles of no fewer than 113 well-known songs of the period after the following fashion :

' Sailing on the midnight deep,  
Going to Greenwich by water,  
We met the moralising sweep  
And the ratcatcher's daughter.  
Thump, thump, scold, scold,  
The washerwoman's wrangle ;  
My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,  
Has your mother sold her mangle ? '

' The Aerial Machine ' is a song that reads curiously in the light of things to-day. At the outset we learn :

' Oh ! wonderful things have been doing of late,  
But the wonder of wonders I'm going to state  
Is a patent invention discovered at last,  
For travelling cheaply and delightfully fast.'

The invention, it transpires, is a flying machine, and the chorus registers a farewell to other forms of transport which are consequently eclipsed.

' Farewell now ye railways, steam-packets adieu,  
Precious time need no longer be wasted on you.'

The reason is obvious, for

' We may start from Great Britain at six in the morn,  
Take a breakfast or lunch with a friend at Leghorn ;  
At Constantinople may ride out to dine  
And return home at ev'ning for supper at nine.

Or should we think proper to see the New World,  
To its shores in the course of a day we are hurl'd.  
I reckon we'll make Brother Jonathan guess  
That he calculates this is the British Express.'

The rhymester perceives many other possibilities in flying.

' In this mighty machine we may go everywhere,  
May visit each castle that's built in the air ;  
We may rise to the moon as oft as we please,  
And bring back a cargo of luscious green cheese.  
On a trip of discovery we may go to find out  
What the great blazing monster, the comet, 's about.  
If the fuel we have for return can't avail,  
We can easily borrow a load from his tail.'

There are seven verses descriptive of other possible marvels,  
but the last one is cynical of the whole business, and the final chorus  
brings us back to earth with a—

' Roll on now ye railways, steam-packets make way,  
You will ride on triumphant for many a day,  
In spite of all stories and wonderful lies  
About flying machines going up to the skies.'

One of the most rollicking songs is entitled 'The Man that  
Couldn't Get Warm.' It tells of

' A merchant who from India came,  
Shiver and Shakey was his name,  
A pastry cook did once entice  
To take a sweet, delicious ice.  
The weather, hot enough to kill,  
Kept tempting him to eat, until  
He gave his corpus such a chill  
He never again got warm.'

After many adventures in his desperate efforts to throw off his  
chronic chill, the climax came :

' The morning after he was drown'd  
While in a hot bath, and they found  
The water frozen all around  
The man that couldn't get warm.  
A jury proved it in a trice—  
He died of undigested ice,  
And their foreman, Patrick Rice,  
The verdict gave with this advice :

"Och, take ice creams whene'er you will  
But never eat them till you're ill,  
But always first take off the chill,  
And swallow your ices warm!"

There is a realistic chorus :

'Shiver and Shakey, oh! oh! oh!  
Jiminy Crikey, isn't it cold!  
Bro-oo—Bro-oo— oh! oh! oh!  
The man that couldn't get warm!'

I have heard my father sing this with great characterisation by a roaring fire with such effect as to make his audience instinctively pull their chairs nearer the flames. And, curiously enough, the termination of the song invariably synchronised with the brewing of another steaming bowl of punch. No doubt in earlier years at the Caledonian Tavern, Bath, Dickens witnessed a similar scene with my grandfather in the part of Mr. Shiver and Shakey. This was one of the recipes by which the great man made Christmas.

Coming from 'the Land of Cakes,' my grandfather was a great admirer of Burns. I have a sheaf of the addresses which he prepared for Burns Anniversary Nights. One written in 1848 might not inappropriately have been penned nearly a hundred years later. It runs:

'When Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,  
The fate of men and on the fall of kings,  
When statesmen must produce a newer plan,  
And France defend the noble rights of man—  
Amidst it all I think I may first mention  
My right which claims your very kind attention.'

## THE WICKET-KEEPER WINS.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

'OH, I'll play,' I said.

It was not always easy to get up a team for this particular match. Not that we were not always very well received, courteously entertained on a beautiful ground, given the best of luncheons, or that the opponents were any but the most pleasant sportsmanlike fellows—only, it was against the Hartford Asylum, an institute devoted to those unfortunates who thought so differently from the rest of the world, on one or other point, that the rest of the world decided it was for the common good that they should be shut up—kept under restraint. In a word, it was a lunatic asylum. Just what condition of mental strangeness qualified for its tenancy I hardly know. I believe mania, rather than idiocy. But I do know that the cricketers whom we encountered in our annual match against the asylum were as sane to all appearance as—what shall I say?—members of Parliament. Perhaps that is to do them scant justice. We had no 'scenes' that I remember—except once.

'Right you are,' said Baxter, the captain, who was getting up the side; 'I'll rely on you then. You know the train.'

It was a bright morning, every prospect pleased, when we assembled at the station for Hartford. It was only a one day's match, a Saturday match. We were met at Hartford Station by a large motor brake which took us to the ground. Nothing could be more cordial than our greeting. Their captain was almost apologetic when he had the fortune to win the toss. But his politeness did not prevent him from taking advantage of it to choose the innings for his side; and in they went. It was a good wicket, and we did well to get eight wickets down at the luncheon hour for just over 150 runs.

So far, all very well and pleasant. The luncheon was as good as the wicket, and we were a most friendly party. After luncheon we soon dismissed the two other batsmen still to go in. Then our batting turn came. Our first three wickets went down for 20 runs, and we began to look very glum. Then Baxter went in, and at once he showed us how the bowling ought to be played.

He was in gallant form, and again and again he got the ball to the boundary, while lively applause went out to him from where the little knot of us sat together in the pavilion.

One of the young doctors was a very pleasant fellow. Members of a visiting team always feel just a little like strangers in a strange land, no matter how cordial are their hosts. This young doctor was especially friendly and pleasant during the tea interval, and when the match was resumed he came over and joined himself to our party and made himself very affable. He told us a good story or two, turning the conversation, as I remember, to that favourite question of cricket gossip, the largest number of runs ever scored off a single hit. One of our fabulists had seen a tenner 'clean run out' on the Oxford College grounds on Cowley Marsh. 'Were you the man who was running after the ball?' was the inquiry of a wag.

Our score meanwhile mounted steadily to overhaul the total of our hosts. The young doctor's eye looked anxious as he gazed out at the field of battle. He was very pleasant to us; but he was zealous for his team to win.

Another of our side took up the parable with an elevener that he had seen hit on Chatham Lines—before that historic ground had boundaries.

The doctor beat us. 'The biggest number I ever saw scored from a single hit,' he said, 'was on this very ground.'

'How many?' asked one.

'One hundred and fifty-seven.'

We might have afforded to an observer an interesting study in polite expressions of incredulity.

'Any overthrows?' someone inquired, when he was able to speak.

'None,' said the doctor.

'Then how——?'

'One of our fellows in the long-field—quite a good, quiet fellow he was, but he got excited when the ball came to him—he lost his head—couldn't remember what he had to do with it—set off with it across country, and all the rest of the field after him—couldn't call "Lost ball" because he had it in his hand. He was an active fellow. The batsmen had run a hundred and fifty-seven before they caught the man and brought back the ball.'

'I suppose they don't often get taken like that, do they?' I asked.

'Not often. By Jove, there's another fourer! No—generally we know those we can trust. And there are always two or three warders in the eleven. But—but'—his voice faded into distance, as if his thoughts were distracted—'but you never can tell exactly; it sometimes happens——'

His voice died away altogether. The silence was ominous. I gazed up at him. He was looking fixedly out at the field. His face was vexed.

'What is it?' I asked.

'It's—did you notice the wicket-keep?'

'No.'

'I wonder what he's doing.' There was a note of keen anxiety in his tone. 'Did you see how he's throwing about his arms?'

'No,' I said, 'I can't say I did'—but a cold thrill went down my spinal marrow. I was next man in. It was 'over,' then, and, as I watched the man go to the other wicket, I certainly did see him throw his arms up in the very strangest way.

'Do you think,' I asked the doctor, 'he's growing excited? Don't you think, for his own sake perhaps, you'd better get him away?'

'Oh, I don't *think*—you can't tell, of course—but I don't *think* he's likely to do any harm.'

'I don't quite like it,' I said uneasily. Remember, I was next man in.

'Oh, I expect he'll be all right,' the doctor replied easily.

I hoped so too, fervently; but I could not feel quite so easy about it. 'What is it,' I asked, 'that he's—he's here for?'

'Ha, there he goes again!' the doctor exclaimed, as the wicket-keep, again as it was 'over,' threw his arms up in that wild way. 'I don't like it,' he said, as if speaking to himself. 'Yes, yes—homicidal mania! No, I don't like it.'

Neither did I. At that moment there was a clapping, and out came one of the batsmen, clean bowled by a good one; and now it was my turn to face the music. Only fifteen runs were wanted for a win, but the two batsmen after myself were not batsmen at all—only bowlers. My talent was not great. I was always nervous at starting; and certainly the present conditions, with that wicket-keep——!

'Are you sure it's safe?' I asked the doctor, as I prepared to leave the pavilion.

'Safe!' he repeated, as if he did not understand me for a



moment. Then, 'Oh, I see what you mean. But'—and he looked at my equipment—'you've got your bat.'

'Yes,' I said, not reassured, 'but——'

Really, what was there to say? They were our hosts! And I did not want to hurt the feelings of that poor fellow out there! And the doctor's words had more than hinted that a man must be a coward if he were afraid when he had a bat.

'A fellow with a stump,' he went on—'of course he might pull up a stump—wouldn't have much chance against a man with a bat, would he?' He smiled pleasantly at the very notion.

'Well, here goes,' I said, and I went desperately forth, gaily as I might, as the 'out' batsman came to the pavilion.

I tried to study the eye and aspect of the wicket-keep when I came to the wicket, but he had his head turned from me. I was so upset that I forgot to ask for 'guard.' The umpire had to remind me. I took it then right on the popping crease, so as to stand as far as possible from that figure behind the stumps.

I do not know what happened to the first ball. I hardly know whether I saw it at all, or not. But it must have touched the edge of my bat somehow, for I heard Baxter shout 'Run.' So run I did, and saw the ball, with a fieldsman after it, still going towards the boundary past long-slip. I had determined I would run three, and no more than three, so as to get away from the neighbourhood of that terrible wicket-keep; but the ball just struggled, in front of the pursuing long-slip, to the boundary. The umpire held up his hand—'Four.' I had to go back under the shadow of the wicket-keep again.

I had gained a little confidence, and played forward to the next ball rationally and met it fairly. And then, as the bowler was about to deliver the next, the last of the over, something happened that broke my nerve completely. The afternoon was wearing towards evening, the shadows were growing long. The sun, as it went lower in the sky, must have been somewhere behind the wicket-keep. For, just as I took my position to play the last ball of the over, I caught sight of a gigantic shadow projected on the ground between the popping crease and the wicket—the shadow of a figure waving gigantic arms.

The sight was too much for me. What kind of a ball it was that I received I do not know; but I do know that I never played so far back to any ball of whatever kind before. I was so determined that I would hit my wicket that I believe I caught the stump

somewhere half down to the ground. At all events, thank goodness, I was out.

'What the devil were you up to?' Baxter asked savagely, as I passed him on my happy way to the pavilion.

'Keep your eye on the wicket-keep,' I whispered, in answer.

'What do you mean?'

'He's liable to have an attack at any moment—homicidal mania! One of the doctors told me. See the way he waves his arms!'

Both my successors with the bat, our official bowlers, had heard what the doctor had been saying. The first of them, meeting me as I came in, whispered 'Congratulate you. I don't mean to stay, I can tell you.'

Nor did he. The wicket-keep, whatever his mental delusions, was fairly competent at his post. The incoming batsman rushed out to meet the first ball long before it left the bowler's hand, swung his bat at it long after it had passed him, and that terrible wicket-keep made no mistake.

Last man in now; and the remaining balls of the 'over' gave him no tolerable excuse for getting out. Then Baxter had the ball again. I did admire him. To be sure, he had not suffered the nerve-shattering experience of hearing the doctor talk, yet I had thought it only right to give him a hint. But he played fearlessly, splendidly. He contrived to keep the bowling to himself till we were within one point of tying—two of winning. The excitement was so intense that I fancied one or two besides the wicket-keep were affected by it.

Then 'last man' had a ball that was both straight and good. I fancy it would have been a bit too good for him at his best, without that haunting fear and menace behind him which certainly put him very much below his best—even if he had felt any real ambition to stay.

So the tension was relieved, and back came all to the pavilion. The Asylum team had won by a run! It had been a fine match and a fine day. Nevertheless, the entente was not cordial in our dressing-room as we changed the garb of the flannelled fool. The batsmen who had been in, and out, before tea, spoke edged words about the manhood of the after-tea batters. Something was said of people who were afraid—'Just because a poor harmless fellow, who was to be pitied far more than to be feared, had thrown his arms up once or twice.' It was all very well for them to talk. They had not been through the mill.

'If you fellows had only stuck it a couple of overs longer, we must have won,' that was the text they preached on.

Conversation on our side was chiefly jerky.

'Thank goodness that's over.' 'Jolly glad they won.' 'Don't know what that fellow wouldn't have done if they hadn't.' 'Disgraceful, letting a man go on playing like that.' 'Of course the doctor ought to have sent out a warder and had him in as soon as he saw him getting dangerous.'

Only one man let drop a dreadful hint that possibly we might not even yet be quite free of the trouble. 'I do hope,' he said, 'he isn't waiting for us outside. You never can tell, you know, about these fellows.'

It was a dreadful thought. I have to admit that I dawdled more than necessary over my own adorning till I saw that Baxter, who was strong as he was fearless, had dressed himself and was ready to go out. Then I too went in his wake, and looked fearfully around. Almost the first figure I saw was clad in warder's garb. The dress was a warder's, but the face seemed strangely familiar. I looked again. Then I nudged Baxter.

'I say—that fellow over there!' I jerked my elbow.

'Well, what about him?'

'Why, don't you see?—I believe—yes, it is—it's that wicket-keep.'

'Well?' Baxter was strong and valiant, but his mind was not quick.

'But, don't you see?' I said. 'He's in warder's clothes.'

Baxter took the point at last. 'By Jove! yes, so he is.'

'I'm going to have a word with him,' I said. 'You'll stand by, won't you?' I was not quite comfortable about the fellow even now.

He touched his cap as we came to him. 'Fine match, sir,' he offered pleasantly.

'Yes; you were the wicket-keep, weren't you?'

'I was, sir.'

'But why—do you mind telling me? Why did you throw your arms up in that queer way you did?'

A broad grin pulled his face about. 'I'm sure I can't tell you myself why I did it, sir, except it was the doctor's orders—that pleasant young doctor, Dr. Riordan. I saw him chatting away with some of you gentlemen.'

'But why—why did the doctor——?'

'I can't tell you, sir; but it's sure to have been some joke of his. Always will be having his joke, Dr. Riordan. "Peters," he says to me at tea-time—that's my name, Peters—"Peters, you just be throwing up your arms once or twice, in each over," he says, "like this," he says, showing me how to do it. "But what should I be doing that for?" I asks him. And "Never you mind," he says. "You do as I tell you; and if you do it we'll win the match, you see if we don't. We'll lose it, sure, if you don't. I'll tell you all about why afterwards," he says; "there's no time now."'

I looked at him shrewdly; but my suspicion was put to immediate shame. The innocence of his Sassenach blue eyes rebuked me. Then I recalled—as the suggestive name, Riordan, struck me with its associations—a subtle, a diabolical, certainly a Celtic twinkle lurking in the eye corners of that medical son of the latest Free State. Undoubtedly, I said to myself, his was the master hand that had pulled the strings of those menacing arms behind the wicket. These, within the sleeves of warder's blue, were no more than the puppet's sticks.

I looked then at Baxter, and found Baxter looking at me. Baxter is a slow man, but I saw that his mind had once again travelled to a point. 'Can you tell me,' he asked Peters, 'should we be able to find Dr. Riordan if we were to go up to the Asylum now? I—I should like to say good-bye to him.'

'I'm afraid you wouldn't find him now, sir,' said the man in blue. 'I saw Dr. Riordan mount his motor-bike and ride away just as the last of you gentlemen got out.'

## SANDWICH—TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

BY A. G. BRADLEY.

THE illuminating excavations now going forward at Richborough, the Roman Rutupiae, though not sufficiently advanced at this time of writing for the treatment they will no doubt receive in the archaeological journals, provide a reasonable excuse, if such be needed, for some account of the neighbouring town of Sandwich. For the once famous old Cinque Port is in a sense the successor of Richborough, whose massive grey walls, planted nearly two thousand years ago on this uplifted plateau above the Stour, are within easy sight of it. Though not immediately concerned with Rutupiae in this article, I cannot resist just a note on the extraordinary absent-mindedness of the public in general towards these imposing relics of the Roman occupation. There is nowhere above ground anything like such a huge mass of Roman masonry in all Britain. Lifted high above the Stour marshlands, it hits you in the eye miles away, this 600 yards or so of massive wall some thirty feet high and forming three sides of a vast square. The stations on Hadrian's Wall are almost wholly excavations and replacements; the Wall itself, striking as is its course over wild hills and ridges, has been reduced to a trifling height. Silchester, Uriconium, Caerleon, even Pevensey, have nothing approaching Rutupiae in what might be styled mass significance. The many Roman remains built into later towns do not lend themselves to any comparison with this great grim spectre of Imperial Rome, rising, as it were, inconsequently amid pastures and grain fields.

This very aloofness, indeed, seems to enhance its mystery. To the thousands of visitors who swarm annually on these East Kent shores, and pass within sight of it by road and always unavoidably by rail, it does not appear to have any particular significance. They seem hardly ever even to notice it, or if they do they fail to realise its meaning, and merely take it for a pile of modern buildings in the middle distance—for which oversight the uninstructed have perhaps some excuse, as neither road nor rail runs very close to it. It is not even much visited, though happily this long time protected from spoliation, with a resident caretaker, and open to the public for a trifling fee. As a matter

of fact, for some obscure reason it has escaped in great measure the fate of being made a local stone quarry, like other Roman stations. This is the third effort of excavators to throw more light upon its story within the last hundred years. But, as already stated, I am not directly concerned with Rutupiae here. It is enough that it was the chief port of Southern England through most, and certainly through the latter period, of the Roman occupation, and sat upon the then broad waters of what became known later on as Sandwich Harbour. Finally, after some brief use of it by the earlier Saxons, the tides apparently forsook its wharves, and by the time of Edward the Confessor, Sandwich on the southern horn of its own bay had risen into importance as its successor.

For that saintly King, if he loved Normans too well, showed his teeth quite bravely when the Danes were on the war-path, and virtually founded the great Cinque Port Federation, leading out its fleet against the Norsemen from Sandwich Harbour. So in this sense the old town scores an historic point against all its sister Cinque Ports. To-day it is two miles from the sea with a river connexion not worth considering. But till the fifteenth century it sat on a spacious estuary that would hold all the fleets of Britain. As a base of defence for the mouth of the Channel it had no rival, just as Winchelsea, with a very similar extent of harbourage, mustered the King's armaments when Normandy was threatening or being threatened. Through the centuries, then, following the Conquest Sandwich looked out over an arm of the sea, now green pasture land, to the rising heights and chalk cliffs of Thanet, then literally an island. For till well into the Middle Ages much of the Channel traffic to London went through that way, entering the Thames estuary at the old Roman station of Reculver, which had formerly commanded the passage—thus avoiding the dangers of the North Foreland. With a population of some 4000, possessed of a short cut by water to London, with a famous road there such as it then was by land, and a matchless harbour, it is not surprising to find Sandwich spoken of by foreigners as one of the chief towns of England, together with Old Winchelsea and Thetford—strange names in such a connexion. But Sandwich stood undoubtedly among the first half-dozen. As a pathetic and eloquent survival of other days it will not yield in picturesqueness to any in Southern England but its sister Cinque Port of Rye, though this superiority is in part due to the dramatic pose of the latter on an upstanding

rock, and the effect of such a situation both within and without its bounds.

Sandwich stands squarely upon the flat. Drained marshlands, rich in produce and in pasture, surround it upon all sides, merging seaward into sandy commons and ridgy dunes where the famous golf links, through which the British public chiefly knows its name, reach out their farthest tentacles to those of Deal, their worthy rival. English historians, other than a few specialists, have done less than nothing to preserve the name and fame of Sandwich or its sister Cinque Ports, and their part in the nation's history. The absent-mindedness of these learned men—for to suggest ignorance would be monstrous!—is an abiding mystery. They conduct our warrior kings with huge armies and vast impedimenta over perilous and hostile seas to France, Flanders, Scotland, or Wales, with never a word of the ships and sailors who conveyed them. Professor Montagu Burrows obviously wrote his able treatise on the Cinque Ports forty years ago in vain, though one would hardly conceive the reminder to have been needed by specialists in mediaeval history and educators of youth! But at any rate they have shirked it, so it may be well to state that Sandwich, both from its size and its spacious harbour, took a prominent part in the achievements of the Federation which for four centuries constituted the Royal Navy of England. Like Dover, Hythe, Romney, Rye, Winchelsea, and Hastings, it sent its representatives twice a year to the Brotherhood and Guestling at Shepway Cross on Lympe heights to discuss the affairs of the Confederation. Like these, it had its charters—confirmed by successive Kings—making its freemen independent of all authority but that of their own corporations, under the King through the person of his Lord Warden at Dover Castle. They were free, too, of all the markets and ports in England, while every burgess among them bore the resounding title of a 'Baron of the Cinque Ports.' They had the further privilege of carrying the canopy at Coronations. Edward I summoned two members from each of them to Parliament, but they did not trouble themselves to respond to the invitation for a century. Probably they were not interested in the laws which would not concern them or in budgets to which they would not contribute. Moreover, a ride over mediaeval roads to Worcester, Lincoln, or Northampton could hardly have been much of a treat for these amphibious souls. For all these privileges Sandwich, like the rest, had to supply at the King's call its tribute of ships of war,



according to the rating made for the occasion at the Lord Warden's Court. A fortnight's free service was given and then Crown pay began. They were, in short, the professional sea-fighters of the kingdom, trained in the arts of ramming, boarding, deck-fighting, sea-archery, and all the forgotten mysteries of naval warfare before the days of artillery. Vessels summoned from other ports in the West Country or East Anglia served as irregulars gathering round a regular force and always under a Cinque Port Admiral. When they passed a Cinque Port or a Cinque Port ship they were required by regulation to dip their sail as a mark of respect, and some of them did not like it! Seven hundred ships of war and transports were more than once gathered in Sandwich Harbour in the fourteenth century. To-day an occasional sailing barge comes up the Stour to dump some coal or timber on an absent-minded-looking wharf.

None of the other Cinque Ports but Winchelsea had harbours fit for great operations, and the silting up of Sandwich and Winchelsea in the fifteenth century hastened the collapse of the Federation as the fighting force of the Crown. As early as Ethelred's day, the largest fleet ever yet collected in England is said to have gathered in Sandwich Harbour. Another muster there by Edward III for the siege of Calais established what seems a record for the Middle Ages, Sandwich itself being the largest contributor of ships. The names of notables who went and came across the Channel by this once famous port would fill a page. The captive King of France and his son with the Black Prince after Poitiers were among the number. Richard the Lion-hearted was another. Fresh from his Austrian captivity, he walked thence on foot to Canterbury and the tomb of à Becket as a penitential act of pious gratitude. Pilgrims of all nations passed back and forth across the Channel by the thousand, more or less under Crown regulations—as indeed was all cross-Channel passenger traffic, and this too was in the hands of the Cinque Port authorities. If Dover, indifferent as was its harbour, secured for obvious reasons, mainly official ones, the larger share of these pilgrim swarms, Sandwich and Winchelsea were an easy second in a traffic which, if at times troublesome, must have been extremely profitable.

The present-day appeal of Sandwich reserves itself till the visitor has crossed the bridge over the Stour, which washes one side of the town, and passed under a Barbican gateway of Tudor origin. For from the flats around, save for its three upstanding

old church towers, little is visible but a line of rooftrees and red-tiled gables, broken here and there by foliage. The town still squats compactly within the lines and remains of its old defences, while its modern extensions are negligible. The twisting streets and by-ways still follow the wayward courses into which no doubt the steps of the earlier occupants were turned by all kinds of primitive surface conditions. In Sandwich these seem to the visitor delightfully inconsequent. In a first cursory ramble, with a general aim at achieving the farther limits of the little town, he will almost certainly find himself before very long at the point he started from. *It almost suggests the Maze at Hampton Court!* This confusion may be in part accounted for by the constant attraction on one side or the other of quaint old houses, beguiling one up some twisting side street or court which in its turn opens out further and fresh gems of Tudor or Jacobean work, till one's bearings are utterly lost. This matters, of course, less than nothing, for it is the general atmosphere of the old town, not a few outstanding antiquities, *that makes for its charm and interest, and it is just* the place for loitering about inconsequently. It needs no saying that though the streets wind along the same devious ways as in the great Cinque Port days, the buildings lining them are those of its undistinguished but not unprosperous descent from greatness. French raids and burnings and domestic conflagrations wiped out pretty nearly all of mediaeval Sandwich but its churches. Yet *I know no little English town which in its domestic architecture* from one end to the other gives a more abiding impression of the past, and shows a greater number of Tudor and Jacobean houses along its winding street fronts. They are mostly of timber, many with overhanging upper storeys, and are none the less effective for serving sometimes as modest shops and humble dwellings or taverns in a clean, self-respecting, matter-of-course fashion; for nothing approaching a factory disturbs the ancient peace of Sandwich. It slumbers in a profound repose, almost uncanny with so many near neighbours to the north and south rather more than wideawake! <sup>1</sup>

In truth this serene atmosphere adds immensely to its aesthetic qualities. It has no slums, though it contains nearly 3000 souls who must exist mainly by serving the needs of an agricultural district. For there is no sign of what is known as a residential

<sup>1</sup> Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Margate, Canterbury, Deal, Dover, and the Kent coal-field are all within a dozen miles.

element as at Rye, its complement among the Cinque Ports. It seems strange, too, that in the near proximity to three noted golf courses no detached folk—golfers or otherwise—of leisure and artistic leanings should have annexed some of these old tile-roofed timbered houses and made snuggeries of them. But all such enterprise has expended itself in country villas outside the ramparts or in the decorative houses which fringe the shingle beach two miles away. These too no doubt contribute to the unambitious commerce of the old town. So also in small measure do the chars-à-bancs from Thanet watering-places in the summer season, which on their way to Deal and Dover dump groups of sightseers from time to time in the spacious Market Place. Most of these explorers make tracks at once for a tea-shop or a public-house. But some few wander vaguely about the quiet streets as if in vain quest of some tremendous and striking object to justify their visit to so unexciting a spot.

The names of the streets are as original and characteristic as they are in plan. There is Loup Street, Fisher Street, Moat Sole, *the Butts*, and *the Beagrams*. Some of them run surprisingly brief careers. There is Chain Street, for instance, which as its name suggests is just 66 feet long. Then there is Bowling Street, Knight-rider Street, Harnett Street, and Delf Street, the last named from a stream which some Dutch engineers in the Middle Ages conveyed into the town from a distant spring and that served as its water supply till almost the other day. Not the least attractive feature of the place is the fashion in which the old ramparts have been laid out in broad terraces, with grassy banks and flower-beds, here and there bordered with shady trees. With orchards and green pastures on the one hand, the town lies on the other at a rather lower elevation displaying a most felicitous prospect of red-tile roofs mingled with the verdure of leafy gardens. Standing aloof at one extremity of the town is a most beautiful Tudor building, now a private house. It was once the Grammar School whose scholars upon a notable occasion—of which anon—entertained Queen Elizabeth. The roomy house in which she spent some days, and in which her father had lodged on one or more of those coast inspections to which an invasion scare had impelled him, stands in good repair near by. Indeed Sandwich is much concerned with the reign of the Great Eliza, not merely from her, locally, memorable visit to it, but for the great influx of refugee Protestants from the Low Countries that at this period broke upon its decay and infused new blood and life into its shrivelling arteries. For

a century it had been steadily losing what was left of its famous harbour and had failed to keep open a decent outlet to the sea. Its fishing, fighting, smuggling people were left almost land-locked, without resources that they, at any rate, could utilise.

It was a good hour for the Sandwich burgesses who had been sending up 'grievous cryes' to three successive monarchs to cut them a new outlet to the sea and arrest their declining fortunes, when some fifteen hundred Walloons fleeing from Alva's persecution plumped into their midst. There were rows of course and jealousies and no little friction with these foreigners at first, as was inevitable. But the shrewd Queen looked with much favour on them at Sandwich as elsewhere, and matters in due course adjusted themselves very much to the profit of the town. The fine old Norman church of St. Nicholas now found its nave filled at appointed hours with a new and strange congregation, and echoed a strange tongue from its pulpit and its aisles. But the new-comers did much more than listen to sermons and sing hymns. They set up the manufacture of baize cloth and applied their native skill in vegetable and fruit culture to the kindly alluvial soil that spread around the ramparts of Sandwich. They were not only weavers like all the immigrants of their kind, but introduced market gardening, an industry hitherto unknown in England, even shipping their produce in time to London. Sandwich took on a new lease of life, but their vanished harbour still rankled with its old amphibious element who continued to send forth 'grievous cryes' till the Queen filled their hearts with joy by announcing a visit in State. For the new harbour seemed now to these sanguine souls almost a certainty. For weeks they prepared to do honour to their gracious Sovereign. The half-timbered houses were freshened up with black and white paint, highways were repaired, all filth removed, roving pigs ordered into captivity, and hints were even given to the brewers to improve the quality of their ale.

The well-preserved records of Sandwich have a most entertaining contemporary account of this memorable occasion. It lasted over three breathless days, crammed full of incident and noise. The principal streets through which the Queen passed were hung with garlands and festooned with vines. The dress-makers had been kept busy for weeks contriving finery at the town's expense, which was distributed among the fairest of the Sandwich fair. The tailors worked quite as hard for three hundred of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and Sandwich merchants paraded in white doublets with black and white ribbons in their

sleeves, black Gascon hose and white garters. Each of them was armed with a murrion, a caliver or demi-musket, which they fired off as the Queen stood in the gate, and apparently as often afterwards as they felt inclined. A hundred and twenty pieces of great ordnance then contributed to the uproar which the Queen and her nobles in polite but cryptic phrase declared was louder than they had ever heard in any other town. Amid all this din the Queen, receiving his mace from the Mayor, proceeded through the decorated streets, freshly sprinkled with gravel, rushes, and herbs. Opposite her house, the one still standing, hung for the occasion with the Royal Arms, another ceremony awaited her. For the minister of St. Clement's, decked out in red robes provided by the town and surrounded by the other clergy, made a long speech, no doubt in Latin, which the Queen liked as much, so she declared, as the volleys of small arms and artillery—a rather equivocal compliment. She was then presented with a gold cup worth £100 which she undoubtedly liked better still, though discreetly dissembling her preference. Then came a Greek Testament which, as she graciously pretended, filled her cup of gratitude to the brim.

Next day she was treated to a sort of water tournament on what was left of the harbour. A fort had been erected, against which the captains led their men in assault, with more volleys. Then 'sundry Walloons who could well swym charged in boats, and armed with shields and long staves knocked one another into the water, at which the Queen had great sport.' The recently founded Grammar School, of which the town was not a little proud, next claimed the Royal attention. Here the Jurats' wives and daughters cooked a feast for Her Majesty at which she was 'very merrye.' Indeed she appreciated the dainties sufficiently well to take home to her lodging what she could not consume on the spot. She added a silver cup, too, to her hoard, a present from the Headmaster, thanking him for it in a Latin speech. On the day of her departure a hundred children, English and Walloon, gave a tableau on a scaffold representing the new industry, all spinning of fine bag yarn. As the Queen rode out at the Canterbury Gate a great send-off had been prepared. All the guns, great and small, were loaded for the occasion, but unfortunately it rained and the primings were damped, so nothing like the noise was made that had been hoped for. Finally came the petition, 'the grievous crye,' to which all this exuberant display of loyalty was leading up—that the Queen would have compassion on their decaying harbour and cut them a

new waterway to the sea. This was the anxious moment of the week for the Sandwich burgesses, and one can fancy how they hung upon the Royal lips, and how their hearts sank as Gloriana put the petition in her pocket and said she would read it when she got home, and then headed for Canterbury amid the final explosions of damp powder. From a business point of view the whole thing proved a frost for Sandwich. But the Queen obviously enjoyed herself and got away with two valuable cups. Its disappointment, however, did not prevent Sandwich turning out loyally to the limit of its shrunken capacity against the Spanish Armada a few years later.

Though the old Guildhall, which stands out by itself near the centre of the spacious market-place, has been subject to much restoration, it still has some external distinction and contains much inside that is interesting. Not the least so of these treasures are a dozen large panels painted in colour and depicting historical personages and incidents of the seventeenth century. They were discovered behind the plaster of an old house in the town. Among them are almost life-size portraits of Charles II and his Queen, and also of James II, who had been Warden of the Cinque Ports. Pepys had been elected M.P. for Sandwich, though he sat for Harwich, and his secretary to the Admiralty, a Sandwich man, sat for the town. Another Sandwich worthy was Controller of the Navy in Pepys' time, Sir John Minnes, grandson of the prosperous tradesman who had founded the Grammar School. Pepys, however, did not think much of him, 'a harmless, honest gentleman, unfit for business.' Another and less tolerant official said the King would be well quit of his dis-service at £100,000.

There are four contemporary pictures of the entry of Charles II and Catherine of Braganza into Sandwich, interesting from the grouping and costumes of the crowd and officials who welcomed them. There are also some large representations of the sea fight with the Dutch at Solebay, where Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich, went down with his ship, his body being washed ashore some days afterwards and recognised by his three rings.

Many portraits in oils of old Sandwich worthies of mainly local note hang in other rooms. There is one of a lady, of no public consequence whatever, yet which always interests me for a quaint letter she wrote in 1775, that by some chance found its way into the town archives. She hangs here, both as the daughter of Dr. Boys, of famous local note as an antiquary and voluminous historian



of the town, and as wife of Dr. Rolfe, also an antiquary and collector of yet wider fame and the first excavator of Richborough. But the lady's claim to attention lies really in the manner of her rejection of a former suitor which survives so oddly and fortuitously among mediæval papers touching on great events by land and sea. She was no doubt a well-endowed young woman, and to a Mr. Whitwick, who proposes to her by letter, she thus replies: 'Could Elizabeth Boys flatter herself that she possessed one half the qualifications which Mr. Whitwick so obligingly ascribes to her, she would esteem herself the happiest of mortals. But a consciousness of her own imperfections convinces her that the praises he so lavishly bestows on her, far from being the real sentiments of his heart, she attributes entirely to Mr. Whitwick's excessive politeness which is so conspicuous on every occasion.' As a neatly phrased, withering snub this is pretty good and should earn a passing glance at the rather plain-featured young woman whose portrait hangs in almost as strange company as that in which her letter lies.

The MS. records of the town from the fifteenth century on are very full of notable incidents, and illustrious signatures and contemporary letters dealing with national events. Carefully collated and arranged, they have been for many years the especial care of a retired tradesman of the town, a born antiquary and enthusiast, who till his recent death at a ripe age almost lived in the Muniment room of the Guildhall. The late Mr. Jacobs knew its contents by heart and liked nothing better than going through them with an appreciative visitor, and corresponding with kindred souls interested in Cinque Port history. Though the Cinque Port period proper, that of the Federation which had formed the Royal Navy of England, terminated, speaking broadly, with the Wars of the Roses, Sandwich had many chapters of interesting and racy history yet to make as provincial town and port. Its connexion with Canterbury and all South-east Kent was very close. Its burgesses were often country squires as well, while many leading Kent squires were identified with it by trade or marriage. The hardy fiction that the Tudor and Jacobean country gentry despised trade has probably died out with the maiden aunts of the last generation. One can fully understand, too, the claim of that Elizabethan historian of Kent, who also knew his England pretty well, that the Kent country gentry were the most advanced and enlightened in the whole kingdom. Their very geographical situation all makes for its probability. They were not boors, says this shrewd observer, but took pains to educate their sons and fit them for careers in life.



They followed field sports, says Lambarde, not as a business as elsewhere, but as a relaxation, turning their chief attention to things of more moment to their minds and to the good of their county and country. Kent even then was influenced by London. Even then Londoners bought manors freely in the county. France was in sight and it was the highway of continental travel. Sandwich even still was a port of passage to and from the Continent, and before the Reformation had shared, as we have noted, with Dover and Winchelsea the enormous pilgrim traffic that came from abroad to Canterbury, and the English stream departing for foreign shrines. Sussex was still half strangled in woods, just beginning to fall before the iron smelter's axe, and everywhere hung up by waterlogged clay roads. Surrey was then largely heath commons. But Kent was mostly rich, in very truth an ancient cultivation, and its historian's claim seems absolutely logical at all points.

There were always 'climbers' in England, even outside the Church, that royal road to eminence. Many Sandwich tradesmen rose to fame. Conspicuous among them in the seventeenth century was one Furnese, the son of a sergeant of Dragoons who kept a shop in the market-place, which failed. His son went to London and prospered. Lucky enough to bring the first good news from the siege of Limerick to Queen Mary, he was knighted. Then dispatched to the King in Flanders, he rose in favour and became M.P. for his native town. There is a letter from him in the archives announcing the victories of Marlborough and Eugene. He seems to have made decorative additions to his name from time to time, for Swift has a gibe at him as changing it at every fortunate windfall, and as likely to write himself on his tombstone as 'a descendant of the Sovereign Prince of Italy.' His son got richer still and was M.P. for Kent. Yet more, he married his three daughters, co-heiresses, respectively to Sir John Bolingbroke, Sir Edward Dering, and Lord Rockingham. The third one as a widow afterwards married Lord North of American War notoriety, and brought him the Waldershare estate still occupied by the Guilford family. There is hardly a manor in the district that does not carry the name of Furnese at some date or other on its title-deeds. Tom Paine, too, lived in Sandwich for a year, as a stay-maker, and was married in St. Peter's church. Pepys represented Sandwich as a canopy-bearer—by Cinque Port right—at the Coronation of James II, where he dined at a reserved table next to that of the King. Fortunately for him it was not the Coronation before, that of

Charles II! For the Cinque Port canopy-bearers were then set upon, after the ceremony in Westminster Hall, by the Royal servants on plunder bent, and a most unseemly riot took place, which resulted in the much battered 'Barons of the Ports' losing their dinner table to the Judges, and their tempers and their dignity entirely.

Whatever pitch of civilisation the men of Sandwich and of Kent had arrived at, it did not prevent them from being sad smugglers, vicariously, if no less profitably, even among the better classes. The dyked marshlands of the Stour, as of Romney Marsh, gave grand opportunities to the experts for evading pursuit, while the long trains of mounted and armed men loaded with brandy kegs passed swiftly in the night through the country villages—mysterious memories of childhood to people who have recorded them to those now alive.

Two of the three Sandwich churches are interesting because they are old and bear the marks of manifold catastrophes. The third, too, is old, but is also beautiful, and has escaped disaster. St. Clement's on the rural skirts of the town has a most distinguished and ornate Norman tower. It was here the Walloons worshipped till their descendants blended with the English in language and faith. The steeples of the two churches in the town both fell in the decade following the Restoration and gave the 'godly' furiously both to think and to declaim. That of St. Peter's utterly shattered the whole south aisle, giving the church a strange lopsided appearance to this day. Two steeples have fallen on St. Mary's, whose interior is in consequence stranger still; for no restoration in the ordinary sense has been accomplished to obliterate these catastrophes in either church. The tombs and monuments in all of them, however, have, as is inevitable in such a town as this, much social and historic interest.

When those terrible and mysterious five miles of human occupation and enterprise, known as Richborough, arose, during the war, between Ramsgate and Sandwich—spreading to within half a mile of the latter—it looked as if the Sandwich that we had known was doomed. There was then the prospect and much talk of an immense permanent seaport. The traders and house owners of Sandwich dreamed golden dreams and sold one another houses at fancy prices. Outsiders felt sad at such a prospect. But the industrial Richborough has vanished almost as quickly as it arose. The property boom collapsed with it, and the antiquaries with all lovers of ancient things breathe again.

## *THE CRIME OF LUDOVIG THE MOOR.*

BY ARTHUR H. NORWAY, C.B.

OF all those travellers who year by year visit the lakes or pre-Alps of Lombardy, none can omit from their regard the great and ancient city of Milan, which for two thousand years has sat at the crossing of the northward roads, having her eyes—yes, and her heart too!—fixed ever on the mountains. For of those merchants who came across the snows, whether they guided their mules over the St. Bernard Pass, and so came down upon Aosta, or chose the lower Simplon, or braved the terrors of St. Gothard or of Splügen, a large number aimed at Milan as their goal, and so diverged as far as might be from other trading cities, such as Como, reaching the city of the plains direct. Hence came wealth and power, associated always with the mountains, and that is why the human life of Milan has ever been, and still is, entangled with the lakes, so that the chief figures of her history meet us so frequently on Como or on Maggiore.

Indeed, a slight scrutiny of Italy shows that the region of the lakes is bordered on the south by ancient cities, guarding the valley roads, all of which must stand in a relation to its life and history as definite as the Alps whose rosy summits rise upon the skyline. Of these cities some have waxed in fame and power, and others waned. Milan to-day stands chief among them as of old, though no more a Sovereign State. For all time she has been great and wealthy. Of this truth no better witness could be found than Philip de Comines, who knew the Duchy and its rulers in their splendour, and said of it: 'Je ne vis jamais plus belle pièce de terre, ni de plus grande valeur.' Others estimated it as worth more than all Spain. However that may be, the Duchy of Milan certainly surpassed in power and wealth all governments of northern Italy, save Venice, and in the south found its only peers in the Kingdom of Naples and the Papacy, the latter being as strong in spiritual arms as it was weak in earthly. These four states could have held Italy in peace had they truly loved it. But their hearts were diverse, and of that fact came three centuries of deadly woe for Italy. In the creation of that woe Milan and her ruler played

a leading part, and as the facts of the crime committed then are striking to a rare degree, their punishment both swift and absolute, and the judgment upon both seems of late to have been unduly lenient, it is worth while to pause once more on circumstances which do, beyond doubt, mark an epoch in Italy and Europe.

In the last twenty years of the fifteenth century, that age to which the great historian Guicciardini looked back out of bitter troubles as an age of gold, the destinies of Milan were directed by Ludovic Sforza, known as 'Il Moro,' not apparently because his complexion was dark, but for a more subtle reason. For having observed that in Pliny's 'Natural History,' (Lib. xvi, c. 25) the Moro, or mulberry, was dubbed 'sapientissima arborum,' the wisest of all trees, he thought it eminently appropriate to one who meant to be the wisest of all rulers, and chose it for his badge or emblem. It buds, says Pliny, last of all the trees, and not until the cold is done; but then its budding is done quickly, even noisily, sometimes in a single night. A less subtle mind than that of Ludovic might have found in this tree an apt cognisance for a prince whose schemes were to be secret till complete, and then carried through with rapidity beyond all opposition.

'Il Moro' he became, then. 'Moro, Moro!' the crowded people used to cry as he rode through Milan or Pavia in the hey-day of his splendour; and whether those who so saluted him knew aught of Pliny's wise tree or not, it is certain that belief in his own wisdom budded in the mind of Ludovic and grew luxuriant. Such a belief is dangerous to any man. To a prince governing personally it is likely to be fatal. For a time two restraints operated on Il Moro. First, he was not yet Duke, though *de facto* ruler of the Duchy. Next, his soaring statesmanship was held in check by Lorenzo de Medici, on whose wisdom all Italy looked back wistfully for many a generation.

But in April 1492 Lorenzo died. The moderating hand was gone, the hope of Italy lost. Throughout the land ambitions started into life. Milan and Venice dreamed of dominance. Resentment was astir in Naples. And then the old Pope died. A weak and peaceful Pontiff was succeeded by Rodrigo Borgia.

There being thus in Italy no moderating power at all, Ludovic was free to display the wisdom which he shared with the Moro. The cold was past, in fact, and it was time to bud. Ere long, the destruction of Italy was both in bud and blossom in Milan, and the courtiers who flocked thither hymned Il Moro as the

wisest and greatest of mankind. 'Sapientissima arborum.' Let us see how far he justified his choice of emblem.

The Duke of Milan was Il Moro's nephew, Giovan Galeazzo, son of that Duke who was murdered in the church of San Stefano in his own capital sixteen years before. Throughout that period Ludovic, who was the boy's natural protector, exercised his power and monopolised his authority. Not in the young Duke's interest, however, for the lad grew up heedless and dissolute; nor is there any evidence that his uncle sought to train him to the weight of his responsibilities, or imparted to him any of his own highly valued wisdom. On the contrary, so credible a witness as Cardinal Bembo, a contemporary, and one who had access to the truth, says, with all the gravity of an official historian, that Ludovic trained the child deliberately to habits likely to destroy his health and credit.

Inapt for government as the young Duke may have been, Il Moro's wisdom might have done much to sustain him. And another strong influence came to aid the ill-educated lad in the person of his wife, Isabella of Arragon, a great-hearted woman, very fit to rule, with whom Ludovic might have worked to make the Duke's reign a credit to his house and to himself. But this wisdom was not the wisdom of Il Moro. He looked on Isabella with fear, for we need not dwell on the imputation that he coveted her beauty vainly. What he feared was that her family at Naples might force him to act justly by the young Duke, giving him his rights. The problem set before his wisdom was thus to frustrate any interference from Naples. Ludovic had resolved upon his move. The death of Lorenzo de Medici both cleared the ground and increased the danger. So Il Moro budded, and invited the French King into Italy.

Singularly many were the strokes of ill-luck which befell Italy at this crisis. Louis XI, that wise old fox, was dead. The destinies of France lay in the hands of his son, Charles VIII, a lad of two-and-twenty, eager to prove that a stunted sickly body was no necessary obstacle to great feats of arms and chivalry. Before the hot brain of this young king Ludovic displayed what de Comines calls 'the smoke and glories of Italy,' the azure seas, the purple mountains, the fairy beauty of the cliffs and islands, the ancient cities with their boundless wealth. 'And this,' he said, 'is yours by right. You have but to take it—you, legal heir of the Angevin kings of Naples, whose clear title is violated by the usurping house of Arragon.' So, with little justice and

less wisdom, he, and other magnates of the peninsula following their selfish ends, tempted the young king to an enterprise which his wiser father put aside. And having fired him with eagerness to march across the Alps, Ludovic found it easy to mask the filibustering with decency on the old pretext, so often used by aggressors upon Italy, that the ultimate operations were against the Turk.

The stage was set, the drama was about to open. At Pavia was the Duke, heedless, gay, and charming, well content that his wiser uncle spared him the serious toil of government. There, too, was the Duchess Isabella, a woman young of heart and proud of wit, loving the winning and attractive boy she married, ready always to ride races with him in the park, or hunt day-long upon the hills beside him, yet striving to rouse him to claim his throne, and set her beside him in the seat which became a daughter of the house of Arragon. This proud, wise girl raged inwardly to see her husband's power usurped by Ludovic; and it may be that in her wrath there was constantly an element of fear, some inward monitor which warned her to be up and doing, if she would escape worse things for herself and the boy whom she and everybody loved. For who could suppose that the reality of power, without the show, would content Ludovic for ever? Or Beatrice d'Este, his young wife, proud, restive, and ambitious, mother of a newborn son—was not her ambition still more dangerous? But the Duke must die before Ludovic could grasp the throne. Was Il Moro capable of that? And the boy trusted his uncle, wrote him joyous and warm-hearted thanks for gift of horses, and scoured the park at Pavia without prevision of evil. But the Duchess Isabella, even as she rode beside him, must have feared. Else why did she send one messenger after another to her grandfather, King Ferdinand, in Naples? Ludovic knew much about these messengers, for the foolish Duke could not keep his wife's counsel, and Il Moro drowned those messengers he caught. So this brave, lonely woman was stripped gradually of the servants she could trust. Yet some got through, and the threats and remonstrances which came from Naples alarmed Il Moro, who wanted nothing less than war. A plotter frightened becomes twice as dangerous. Doubtless Isabella knew that. But her father, Alfonso of Naples, was reputed the best general in Italy,—and it must have seemed scarce possible that Ludovic, or Beatrice, would dare to harm an Arragon.



And Ludovic, wisest of rulers, lay at Milan, weaving webs. What was this man, essentially, this *de facto* ruler of a frontier state who let in the enemy, this warden of the Alps who betrayed his trust, and ruined Italy? How are we to estimate a prince whose Court was of incomparable splendour, who was a great and noble patron of the arts, who ruled impartially and sometimes wisely, and was yet a treacherous schemer, who stopped at nothing to advance his personal ends? '*Homme sans foi,*' says de Comines, '*s'il voyait son profit pour la rompre.*' It is a damning judgment, for he adds that he knew the man well, and treated with him in many matters. Yet there are those still who ignore it, remembering Il Moro as the friend of Bramante and of Lionardo, the inspirer of many a noble work, and the central figure of a life so rich and stately that one looks back on it as on some lovely valley steeped in the gold and rose of sunset, the last splendours visible before the coming terror of the wild night weather which even then was darkening down on Italy. 'Except the Lord build the house . . .' If Ludovic had pondered on those words, he might have seen that the wisdom of Pliny's wise tree was imperfect, and that more is needed than the choice of opportunity.

But the wisdom of the tree was all that Ludovic comprehended. Opportunity had come, and more than opportunity. For the danger from Naples was quite real. It was pressing and urgent. War threatened, if Ludovic did not hand over the reins of power instantly. It may be that none at Naples thought him capable of the dire stroke he contemplated. Cold fear entered the hearts of good Italians when it became known that the French were on the mountain passes. Bembo, then a lad just home from studying in Sicily, records a conversation with his father at their villa on the Piave, wherein he taxed the old Venetian statesman with anxiety about the French, who were then marching down on Lombardy. The discreet old man eluded question by expressing joy that his son was home again ere the turmoil burst. But he did not deny his trouble, nor could he. For all Italy was reeling, while Venice could have stopped the French, but did not.

So there was none to speak with the enemy in the gate. King Charles came over Monte Ginevra by the old Roman road from Briançon, and in the late summer days reached Asti. Milan was *en fête*, and Il Moro, riding side by side with the puny monarch whose power stretched so far upon the earth, saw all his dreams accomplished, and his enemies cast down for ever. But at Pavia



the Duchess Isabella's shadowy fear grew palpable, and would not be cast out. The Duke was ill, ill at the moment when help from Naples was impossible. There are those to-day who think the illness natural. Few thought so at the time. It was so opportune for Ludovic. De Comines tells us that the Duke, on his sick-bed at Pavia, received a visit from the King, his cousin. The talk was general, for the Duke was unsuspecting and the King discreet. But he said to de Comines afterwards that he would gladly have warned the Duke if he could. Warned him . . . of what? . . . De Comines reveals again the same suspicion when he records how the Duchess Isabella, wild with anxiety, fell on her knees before Il Moro, praying mercy for her father and brother at Naples, but was repulsed by the triumphant plotter. Whereupon the old diplomatist passed the dry comment: 'She had more need to pray for her husband and herself.'

Perhaps she had, if indeed a deadly danger throws its shadow in advance. The King and his wise counsellor passed on, uneasy in their hearts. They had marched no further than Piacenza when the young Duke of Milan died.

'*Sapientissima arborum*'—the wisdom of the tree had prevailed. No earthly power could any more protect the Duke, or claim justice for his widow and his son, now rightful Duke of Milan. For the strength of Naples melted like the snow. The old King died. Isabella's father fled, a prey to ghostly fears. There was none to uphold the child. Il Moro, indeed, proposed in council that the boy should be Duke, but the motion was a solemn farce. Up rose a counsellor who urged gravely that the times were too dangerous for the succession of a child. Il Moro protested, but was overborne. And then, and not till then, he took from his pocket the formal investiture of the Emperor Maximilian, conferring the Duchy on himself. The date of the investiture was already three months old!

No one can maintain that Ludovic obtained this investiture with any other purpose than that his nephew should vacate the throne. To admit this is less than an admission that he, or Beatrice, who may have been concerned in the dark plot, intended murder, but it is bad enough. A study of the documents existing furnishes no proof of murder. Ludovic was not a fool, nor would living men have dared to institute inquiry. Anyone who will may forget that the hereditary arms assumed by Sforza were a serpent swallowing a child, and pronounce Il Moro guiltless of his nephew's death.

But none can read the facts to any other conclusion than that Ludovic called the French across the mountains to aid him in usurping his nephew's throne. This was his master-work of statecraft. This was the art of Pliny's wise tree. This was the deed on which his memory hangs in history, the sin against his country which the Romans, those great lawgivers, held to be unpardonable, since it violated the most sacred of all duties, the last and greatest of all human obligations. And justly, too, for anyone who will consider the bitter war which followed the coming of the French, the long Spanish tyranny, and the Austrian dominion, will see that even the proved guilt of murder could add little to the infamy which rests upon this man.

Let no one think that base crime remains unpunished, even in this world. It is odd that Il Moro took no count of the fact that the Duke of Orleans, next heir to the throne of France after the sickly King and his delicate child, had family claims on Milan, and might assert them. Yet, ere many years had passed, this dormant claim destroyed him. For this wise Duke, whose God was opportunity, miscalculated all his risks and let loose forces which were uncontrollable. It may be that he did not mean the French to reach Naples. He may have pictured them hemmed in by dangers, and himself escorting them back across the mountains among the ringing plaudits of all France. He may . . . but it serves no purpose to guess about his visions. The French march was one long triumph, and Charles seized Naples as easily as a ripe pear. Long ere then, Il Moro had repented, not from equity, but fear. He formed a league, and threw the allied army across the homeward path of the French, following perhaps the mediaeval saw which teaches that if your enemy is in water to the waist you should help him out, but if to the neck you should set your foot upon his head and press him under. But Il Moro was mistaken. The French were not in water to the neck. They fought through at Fornovo, and went home with a useful knowledge of this wise Duke's character, which in the coming years had dire consequences.

But great events do not unroll themselves within a day. Ludovic and the Duchess Beatrice kept court splendidly in the Castello. The Duke loved emblems. In them his quick wit leapt out of the doubts and fears in which he lived, and warmed itself in the glow of the days which were to be. In the hope of those days he lived, days free from care, days of admitted wisdom

and unquestioned glory, days bright and spacious enough to be the rich repayment of his toil and suffering. Is there evidence that he nursed these hopes, even in the mid course of his uneasy splendour? Why, yes. For in the entrance of the Castello he had set a picture of men and women dancing from beneath a storm cloud into a sunny land of fair lawns and flowers fragrant to the tread. And beneath was written: 'Post malum bonum, post tenebras spero lucem.'

Along the whole line of the Alps, on lonely pastures and by foaming rivers, at the glacier foot, and in small clearings of the pinewoods, old people and children, crouching by the fire on winter nights, while the wind whines round the rafters, and the frost is heavy on the ground, will tell each other of a heavenly garden set far up amid the snows, warmed by an unfailing sun, shaken by no storms, nor any crash of avalanche. In that garden roses bloom eternally, and trees grow up rejoicing in the sweet limpid air, where there is sanctuary, as it were, from the wild turmoil of the elements which lay waste the mountain slopes. No man has seen that fabled garden, nor reached the odour of those roses, nor is the spot known where they bloom. For dreams like this lie shifting in the light of hope. Always a little farther on is the heavenly garden. Just over the next summit are the roses. And so men climb for ever through the snows, seeking for that place of clear shining.

Did Il Moro find the rose garden? He did not. 'Post malum bonum'—he had no more good than an evil man deserves to earn by the ruin of his country. Ere two years of uneasy power had gone by, there was anxiety in the Castello about the Duchess Beatrice's confinement. Rumour was loose. Men had seen wild lights and fires hanging over the Castello in the night sky. Some portent was at hand. In the evening Beatrice danced. At night the startled courtiers were awakened by a long thundering crash. The wall of the Duchess's garden fell without warning. Men's nerves were jangled. Terror ran through the castle. Nor was it causeless. Ere morning, Beatrice and her baby were both dead.

It was the first stroke of doom. The cunning of the tree was spent. Il Moro mourned immoderately, almost indeed to the extent of neglecting his mistresses. The people, overtaxed and discontented, took the death of the Duchess as an evil augury. The Alps were not high enough to hold the French menace, and already men looked westward, some with apprehension, some with

hope. Then the young French king died, and was succeeded by the Duke of Orleans, who claimed Milan as his right and meant to have it. 'Post malum bonum.' How vain an aspiration! The mists had darkened down again. The clear shining of the rose garden was farther off than ever, and the wise Duke, tired of climbing through the snow, stood now on the very brink of the abyss.

And so the French came again, and Il Moro fled to Germany, whence he returned with scanty succours from the Emperor, and was betrayed at last by Swiss troopers at Novara. It is a sorry tale, of which such as will may read the greater part in detail in the chronicle of Girolamo Priuli. As for Il Moro, whose wisdom could not win him trust from any man or nation, one may still see some of his last works in a chamber of the castle of Loches, which narrow room was the kingdom earned by all his treacheries. On the walls a few verses of the Psalms, a painting or two, not ill executed, and in letters still legible that proverbial saying in the Latin tongue: 'I repented me of speech, but of silence never.' And there he died, but where he was buried is unknown.

### 'THE MURU.'

FROM the southern extremity of the Bababoodans westward to the Ghauts, Mysore is hilly, densely wooded, and intersected by deep valleys. It is through these wild jungle hills that the road from Shimagalur to Hallebile passes, twisting and turning unreasonably, marking the astuteness of native contractors, who seized the opportunity of increasing their profits by unnecessarily extending the distance from bazaar to bazaar, the Government having generously contracted for the construction of the highway by the mile.

Midway between Shimagalur and Hallebile the road emerges abruptly from the sea of trees into open paddy fields. There on the jungle edge stands a hut, the 'Muru' toll post.

Sriva, an old Hindu, serene of countenance, tall and white-haired, is in charge. He is a proud old man, content, on the whole, with his lonely life, possessing but one grievance.

In his opinion every pedestrian, and all driven cattle, sheep, and goats, should pay to pass the toll post. But it is not within the power of Sriva to exact payment from these. He must needs content himself with collecting toll from the few motors that pass and from bullock carts. That he must passively watch travellers on foot go by without opening their purses is the cause of his one grumble.

There is a good reason for Sriva's pride. On the old toll hut in large white letters appears the word 'Muru,' which means 'three.' It is written in Canarese characters, and to strangers, European or native, conveys nothing. But to the oldest cartmen who frequent the road, to a few white-haired merchants in neighbouring bazaars, the Muru toll brings memories—a reminder of days now happily past.

In the days before the toll post existed, throughout the northern taluqs of Mysore, three budmashes carried out robberies and committed murders with impunity and persistence. For a period of some two years their exploits were the talk of the bazaars, filling the hearts of wealthy men with fear, as one after another of their number suffered loss, death, or both at the hands of the robbers. The three outlaws were seldom referred to individually, but generally as the 'Muru.' The gang consisted of two Hindus and one Mohammedan—Ramchandra Rao, Yāru, and Hejas Mohammed.

The wildness of the country helped the gang to escape capture

on many occasions during its existence, contributing not a little to its rapid movements, sudden disappearances, and unexpected reappearances; an elusiveness that perplexed the authorities and gave success to the coups effected by Hejas and his companions.

So great became the reputation of the 'Muru,' so ruthless were their methods, that villagers feared to give information at times when a word, a warning, might have brought the band to justice. Another factor aiding the 'Muru' to escape capture was the average police peon's inactivity, a quiet and long life even on nine rupees a month being preferable to the risk of death in hunting down the robbers—a point of view that even the substantial rewards of money and promotion offered could not change.

Hejas Mohammed possessed the stoutest heart of the three, and the quickest brain. He planned the raids, invariably taking the greatest risks, as on the occasion when a party of mounted armed planters all but succeeded in rounding up the gang. On that day Hejas attracted the pursuit upon himself, while his companions lay low. Only the extraordinary daring he displayed saved the 'Muru' from capture, and only his inbred cunning enabled him to rejoin Ramchandra and Yāru two days later. The Hindu Ramchandra Rao was no fighter and a coward, but his knowledge of the jungles and their maze of game paths was invaluable to the 'Muru.'

Unlike his companions, it was not in Mysore that Yāru had committed the original crime that made him an outlaw. He was unknown, a stranger by sight to all in the northern taluqs, and named Yāru—'Who'—because of this. In his hidden identity lay his value to the combine, enabling him to move by day in the bazaars, there obtaining information concerning the projected movements of any worth robbing. As a spy Yāru excelled.

The most studied plans laid for the capture of criminals as often as not fail. Invariably the cleverest criminals fall into some simple trap as easily as they have on many other occasions evaded far more complicated ones. Simply, and accidentally, the capture of the 'Muru' was effected. If Sriva the toll keeper had had no hand in it, then there would be no cause for his pride.

During a night towards the end of May, three men crouched over a fire in a clearing by the side of the Shimagalur-Hallebile road, where to-day the toll hut stands. They had chosen their camp well. A dense growth of lantana shielded them from the eyes of all who passed along the highway. So thick was this mass

of leaves and thorns that even the firelight failed to penetrate and reveal the hiding-place of these three, no other than the 'Muru.' The clearing in which they sat was roofed by overhanging branches of trees that surrounded them on three sides, a black wall of jungle and shadow.

Wrapped in coarse *comblés* they talked in low tones, for the night was still, very still, and the 'Muru' knew too well how far sound carries in the quietude of jungle lands. The only movement was that of leaves gently stirred by a soft wind which, coming from the south-west, bore the sound of thunder, a rumble so faint that it seemed to be part of the stillness, soothing the sleeping hills into greater composure rather than awakening them to meet the approaching storm.

Few carts passed over the usually busy road that night, but once or twice a cartman's song quavered through the trees, and the rumble of wheels sounded dully on the uneven surface of the road. Most of the carts were empty, though some were loaded with grass; but none carried a trader and his merchandise, or a rich landowner with his bejewelled family, taking advantage of the coolness in which to make their journey; for news had spread through Shimaglur and Hallebile and the villages round that the 'Muru' were near, lurking in the jungles. Where, no one knew, but that they had been seen was enough to make men hide their rupees beneath mud floors and in the thatch of roofs, and stay by night behind barred doors.

Ramchandra Rao's voice growled angrily across the fire at Hejas. Had he not failed to silence a party of coolies they had met as they moved through the jungles that afternoon? True, all but one had received the knives of the 'Muru.' But that one had given the alarm.

'Thou wert a fool, Hejas,' snarled the Hindu. 'Word has flown about these jungles that we are somewhere within the shadows, and only fools, only poor men take the road. Shar, 'tis cold. Put wood, put wood, the night is cold, I say.'

Hejas Mohammed looked up from the fire and smiled at Ramchandra Rao.

'What matter, brother of milky heart? 'Tis enough that we are somewhere. Which means here or there, but where? A greater fire will but point to our camp and lead a son of curiosity hither uninvited. Methinks thy stomach is too delicate. Since no wealthy merchant travels this night we, the "Muru," must



needs visit them to-morrow. The counting of Abdul Razahk's wealth at Hallebile gives me dreams of delight, though timidity gives thee doubtful thoughts. Heh ! Hindus are ever women.'

'Hejas, thou art but a jackal. As mad to risk for gain as thou art mad to gain. Hallebile holds many men. How think you even by night the "Muru" can gain entry to Abdul's house ? Phaw ! The followers of Mohammed lose in perception what they gain in magnificence by reason of their beards. Maybe 'tis these very same hairs that thwart their intelligence as they do attract the eyes of women. More wood, I say. More wood.'

'Peace, brothers, peace,' put in Yāru. 'Anger and loud words avail the "Muru" little. Flames sent to the heavens will reveal our camp. To-morrow I may enter Hallebile and learn enough of Abdul's house to make our entry safe——'

'How ?' interrupted the other Hindu. 'How ? for thou hast been seen not two hours before night set in.'

'Nay, I, Yāru, wore to-day, as always when with thee, a mask. No one knows my face. 'Tis well. Hist ! a cart.'

The sound of a passing cart came to them through the lantana, and the 'Muru' fell silent, except Hejas, who sang softly as he rocked himself backwards and forwards on his haunches, staring with bright eyes at the flames.

'Silence !' hissed Ramchandra Rao, bending towards the Mussulman.

'Why, thou hast said but now that only fools travel this night. Are the "Muru" afraid of fools ?' Hejas smiled as he watched the Hindu glower at him.

'Fools have ears, fools have tongues—like thee, O dog of a ——' A nudge from Yāru stopped Ramchandra Rao from saying more. For a while all three sat about the fire in silence.

Hejas was the first to break it. 'Didst hear that, Ramchandra ?'

'Nay,' answered the Brahmin.

'Methought thou didst say fools had ears, O worshipper of many gods. Listen ; I, Hejas, bid thee listen.'

Somewhere on the edge of the clearing a twig snapped, and then another.

'Tis but a jackal,' whispered Yāru.

'Jackals break no wood,' said Ramchandra, moving uneasily.

'See, 'tis a man stands there by the golden bamboo. Some fool seeking a fire, maybe. Bid him come,' said Hejas, pointing to where a native's dhoti showed white against the shadows.

'Our knives can silence him with ease as he sits between us

I desire the joy of watching the fear upon his face as he learns he is with the "Muru,"' added the Mussulman.

The 'Muru' watched the intruder as he slowly came towards them at Yāru's invitation. When within three paces of the group round the fire he stopped, lifting his hands to his forehead, bowed, and said quietly 'Salaam.'

'Salaam,' returned Hejas and Yāru. Ramchandra only grunted and pulled his *comblé* closer about his shoulders to hide his hand that gripped a knife.

The stranger looked timidly at the squatting group for a few moments before he spoke, when he said :

'I am but a poor traveller. A stranger among these hills. Lost among these black jungles. I need food and warmth. I am weary and know not the distance to the bazaar. Smelling the burning wood I came here. I come in peace, praying for succour.'

'Oho, stranger, then rest in peace. Come to the fire. There is both warmth and food here. But who art thou ? Thy name, wanderer by night ?' answered Hejas, pointing to the ground beside him.

'My name is unknown to you as yours are unto me. It is Kanma from afar, sore beset by hunger and fear of these strange shadows. Few travel the roads this night. Those I have encountered spoke nought but the name of "Muru," so great was my tribulation, for are not the "Muru" men of daring with but little sense for the well-being of travellers ? Robbers, 'tis said.'

The Hindu sank upon his haunches, spreading out his hands to the fire.

'True, the "Muru" are robbers. Sometimes murderers. 'Tis a pity, since thou dost wish to escape them, that thou hast chosen to share their fire,' said Hejas quietly, watching to see the effect of his words. Ramchandra leant close to the stranger, his knife ready to stop any sudden retreat should he attempt it.

To the surprise of the 'Muru' he made no sign of surprise or movement betraying fear, but, instead, looked slowly from one to the other and said :

'The gods are good to the poor. In my bazaar I am known by another name than Kanma. I have fled, for my life is sought. I am also a hunter of men who carry rupees. A brother, a casteman in occupation, friends. So peace. Give me food. Tell me of how the "Muru" first kill, while I eat, and then Kanma will tell a better tale.'

'O, O, oho,' laughed Hejas. 'Poor be Abdul the Merchant of

Hallebile, and the poorer the morrow night. No three will divide his money, but four. He has enough. Ah, oho, yi, yai, yai, Abdul, could you but hear. Come, Ramchandra, be first to speak unto our guest. 'Tis a good meeting. 'Tis good, oho, oho.' Hejas rocked in merriment, throwing his hands above his head towards the overhanging branches.

'Thy words are true, stranger?' inquired Ramchandra.

'True, friend. They are true. If not, ye are three and I but one,' answered Kanma, stuffing rice into his mouth, unconcerned by the black looks of his neighbour.

Ramchandra watched his face intently for a few minutes. Then, only half at ease, his hand dropped away from his knife under the *comblé* and he began to speak.

'My story is simple, and will give but little pleasure to thy ears, stranger, if thou art so great a hunter of men. Once I held a post as Munshi on a coffee estate not two days' journey from this fire. The Sahib for whom I worked, a young dog of pale hair and countenance, possessed a madman's thoughts. He talked much of justice and honesty, and many foolish things of that nature. True, his eyes were sharp upon the books, and I, the Munshi, could do but little to deceive.

'Then came the day when I looked upon a girl who daily drew water from the river near my house. She was but a Corega, and I, as a Brahmin, dare not touch her in sight of other men; so I waited one night at dusk for her to return from the river, so that no man could cry "toucher of pariahs." Ai, yi, how she shrieked as I leapt from out the shadows! Seizing her, I started to drag her to my house, when suddenly the Sahib stepped from among some high grass. He bid me free the girl. 'Twas not fear that made me obey. Nay, Hejas, I read thy thoughts. 'Twas not fear that made me obey.

'The young Sahib said no more that night, but next morn, as I counted the coolies before the daily work, he came from out of his bungalow. He called me to him, where he stood before the pariah coolies, some hundreds in number. I went, suspecting nothing. As soon as I came within reach he drew a shoe from his clothing and struck me on each cheek—with leather. I, Ramchandra, a Brahmin, struck with leather!'

The Hindu spat viciously into the fire before proceeding with his story.

'How those out-caste dogs laughed; jeered at my discomfiture! Well I remember. Ever may they be cursed! I fled that night

to the jungles. Anger within my heart, I lurked near the Sahib's bungalow for some three days. On the third day of waiting I saw him ride away to visit a neighbour. Then I put fire to his house; 'twas the month of April and everything was dry. Aha-yi-ya how the flames swept about, and as living things did eat that bungalow, while I watched from some shadows near! As I watched I heard a woman's shriek. It was the Sahib's wife, who lay helpless, struck with fever. Joy filled my outraged heart, O stranger. Later I learnt that she died amidst the flames. Bhalla-walladu indeed.'

'Ho, that is but a Hindu's story. Now listen to my words,' began Hejas, as soon as the Hindu had finished.

'I once lived in the bazaar of Nasimpura beyond Shimagur; a merchant in high estimation of my fellow villagers. There also lived in this bazaar my brother, a hairless dwarf, unsightly for a man, though a king of monkeys. He had greater cunning, and grew richer with greater ease than I, Hejas, his brother.

'I sought in marriage a girl of great beauty, the daughter of a wealthy cloth merchant. He would have me not. I, Hejas of mighty build, possessed of a beard admired by all women—I grew angered, and my fury increased when tidings came that the cloth vendor sought my wealthy brother as husband to his daughter. Oho, can ye think how a monkey could be husband to the fairest flower on earth?

'But entreat as I would, I received only derision and scorn. I became consumed with rage. On the day of my brother's wedding I revenged all insults. Yha, yai, true full revenge was mine. I took the cold petals of the white gharhya flower and brewed the poison from out of them. This blue poison I carried to the merchant's house and gave it into the hands of a servant with a heavy bag of rupees. The woman poured the poison into fresh-made coffee, and, O stranger, merchant, my monkey brother, and alas! the flower of my thoughts, the girl, were dead ere dawn whitened the heavens. The wedding feast lasted but a few hours of night, but a few hours. Now, Yāru, speak.'

Yāru stretched and yawned, shrugging his shoulders as if attaching little importance to the telling of how he first took to the jungles.

'I have little to tell. I needed money, and seeing men possessed with more than enough, I took from them. As time grew my eagerness for wealth increased, until it lived as a madness within me, banishing sense from out my thoughts. Then came the day

when I struck heavily and killed the man I robbed. Police dogs sought me and I fled, and now Yāru is the "Muru's" spy.'

'Hist! Something moves,' murmured Ramchandra.

'Be still—I will see. Be still.' Kanma, the stranger, rose from off his heels and stealthily approached the shadows near the bamboos where he had at first entered the clearing.

'Tis nought but a moving porcupine; all is well. Now I will speak. Yi, my limbs are stiff. I will stand,' said the Hindu on returning to the group round the fire. The "Muru" had watched him enter the bamboos, half afraid, alert, ready to follow and kill had he attempted to escape. They grunted their relief when he came back, his languid manner banishing the suspicion that had momentarily possessed them.

'Now I will speak,' announced Kanma in a loud voice, as he stood over Hejas.

'A quiet tongue, fool,' growled Ramchandra.

'As you will, friend.' Kanma smiled down on the 'Muru' in silence for a while, and then spoke in more subdued tones.

'I have said that I am a hunter of men. That is true. I have said my name is Kanma. That is a lie, for it is Sriva—Sriva, who is poor, and who desires the reward offered for the capture of the "Muru."'

As the words left his lips, Hejas sprang at him, only to receive a blow from a heavy knife that the Hindu had, until that moment, concealed in his dhoti. Hejas fell back dead.

Ramchandra and Yāru, instead of following the example of Hejas, threw themselves on their faces and wailed for mercy. They had seen six young Gowdas jump into the clearing just as their comrade leapt at Sriva, *alias* Kanma. The flicker from the fire on six ugly swords was too much for them, and, being cowards, they gave no fight. Mysore was rid of the 'Muru.'

Old Sriva at the toll hut will tell how, at dawn, the early risers in Shimaglur saw him with his six Gowdas pass down the main street of the bazaar; how the news spread, like wind, throughout the village that the 'Muru' were captured, that two were prisoners and a third carried dead between them.

'Ah, Sahib, I, Sriva, was proud as I saw the people run from their houses and fill the street, a madly joyous people, who prayed for my prosperity, gave curses unto Ramchandra and Yāru, spitting upon the cold face of Hejas. I and my companions received a great reward, and I am since that day a proud man, as I have said.'

DENNY C. STOKES.

## ANN PENN.

## BY THE VISCOUNTESS CAVE.

*[These stories of Ann Penn's life I have tried to tell in her own words.]*

THE light from the fire and lamp in the nursery lit up a radiant figure coming through the doorway, and a scarlet flower in a black velvet dress. Emeralds set into a Spanish comb (which fastened back thick dark hair from a pale lovely face) danced and gleamed. This is my earliest recollection. I, as a small child, was standing in my nightgown in the middle of the room defying a stern old nurse, brothers and sisters looking on virtuous and aloof. A varied scale of crescendos had brought my mother—who was just about to dine out with my father—upstairs, to see what was happening. I paused for a moment to look at her and to take another breath, then recommenced. Thereupon, without more ado, she caught me up and slippered me well with her little velvet shoe. During the time I lay across her lap I stroked her dress up and down softly, and thought to myself 'What a pretty mamma, what a pretty mamma I have got!' These thoughts in no way interfered with the outraged protests which arose from her velvet lap. She put me away from her, saying 'You naughty little girl; you have completely spoilt my evening,' and ran out of the room to join a shouting papa, who was trying from the hall to make himself heard above his daughter's voice. 'Come along at once and leave that little wretch alone; we shall be late for dinner'; and the front door slammed.

Again I can see her in a room called 'the yellow parlour' because of the lovely yellow silk curtains which hung on either side of three long windows looking down the village street. She was entertaining some friends, and kind hands were held out to me as I came into the room—hands which I evaded; for was it not my intention to sit alone in one of those beautiful looped-up curtains? The result was immediate. A yellow silk confusion, heavy valance and curtain pole fell on the top of one small child, who was dragged from underneath the worse for wear, and dispatched, loudly protesting, to the nursery.

I suppose this made a lasting impression on my three-and-a-half

year mind ; for the yellow parlour is very clear, and I can remember well the Chinese matting on the floor, the zebra skins, and the lovely twisted furniture which afterwards I knew to be Portuguese Chippendale, and my mother sitting there painting,— painting flowers in water-colour. And I would stand by her side and dig a sharp little chin into her shoulder to watch the flowers grow under her fingers. Surely I must have incommoded her greatly ; but she did not ever say so. And now and then, for one entrancing moment, she would stop and dab my face with her paint brush and call me ‘Punch’s dog.’ For I had learnt to acquire an expression so pensive and so sad that I was the recipient of many a favour apart from the other members of the family. After such a favour a certain vengeance would overtake me in the nursery, and an entirely different expression would be depicted on the plastic countenance of what was called a little humbug.

Next to our own immediate family Aunt Elizabeth stands out very clearly. She had no children of her own, but a heart large enough to take us all in, although I am bound to say we must have been somewhat of a trial to her occasionally, for in one of her diaries she writes ‘William’s dear children came to spend the day with me. Gone, oh blessed relief !’

Her husband had nephews and nieces of his own, and the one thing that made our aunt really wrathful with him (for they were a devoted couple) was when he dared to compare his nephews and nieces with hers, especially if he compared his nephew Henry, who was the elder, with her nephew Gyp, whom she adored, and who invariably fought Henry, as she shows more than once in her diary. ‘Took dear Gyp and Henry out for a drive ; dear Gyp fell out,’ meaning that it was he who had fallen out with Henry and was the aggressor. Her pride in Gyp was unbounded, and she often told us of his doings. One story I remember was when the boy was perhaps seven ; my father, it seems, went to the bank to cash a cheque, taking the boy with him. He met in the street a friend bent on the same errand. After a little friendly chat with the manager of the bank, they had the cash shovelled out to each across the counter. My father and his friend, having filled their pockets, left the bank still talking, the boy following them. Presently the door of the bank opened and a little figure advanced to the counter. Raising to the manager his grey eyes with their heavy black lashes, he stretched up his hand and said ‘I will take a shilling, if you



please.' And with pride Aunt Elizabeth used to say triumphantly, 'and he got it too.'

We always used to spend Sunday afternoon with them, and the old man—for he was years older than my aunt (who hunted until she was sixty-five with a back as straight as twenty-five)—would insist on singing to us the Collect for the day, unaccompanied. Why we never rebelled I cannot imagine; maybe we were supported by the vision of the sumptuous tea to come which never failed to please, for as far as I can remember we remained quiescent. One hot summer afternoon we sat on the lawn around the old man, Aunt Elizabeth dutifully sitting by his side. The collect for that Sunday was 'Lord of all power and might, Who art the author and giver of all good things'; and the quarrenden tree was bearing magnificently, but between us and it was a great gulf fixed—a wide and gravelled path. Several apples were lying beneath it. My uncle having improvised several variations of the Collect, reversed himself, and knelt, with my aunt kneeling by his side, to ask a blessing upon his efforts on our behalf, we children spread out fan-like behind them. This was the signal for Gyp, home on leave from H.M.S. *Britannia*, to crawl behind me in order to pinch my bare legs, and to intimate by arbitrary signs that the apples that lay afar off were to be brought to him. For was not he 'equal to and above a Lieutenant in the Army,' and was not I his abject slave? So in fear and trembling I crawled out on my delicate and difficult quest. How I traversed the horrors of that gravel path and lawn I do not know, especially on my return journey, for one hand only could be used, the other being fully occupied in holding up a brief skirt in which the quarrendens were stored, and our uncle was now completing his last lap, and in a second or so would reverse himself and thus expose to view a crawling niece with part of his home produce, so to speak, concealed about her person. This sight would have at once given him a favourable opportunity of comparing Gyp (for be it to Gyp's credit, he would have made it known at once that I was merely an agent in the matter) with his own nephew, to the latter's advantage. But this was not to be. When we rose from our devotions the apples had been delivered to Gyp and by him spread round equally and fairly, and no trace of my journey was visible; and if the beloved aunt marked the yellowing of my knees, she made no comment.

As time went on, Gyp went away to foreign lands, our beloved

Eldest, who mothered the family and managed us far better than actual father and mother and nurse, married the Vicar of a charming little West Country village; and after my mother's death I went to live with her. At this time she had two small sons of her own, but she never forgot the first baby she had taken care of, and she was at once my greatest friend and my greatest tonic. One summer morning the Vicar said to me 'I have to go over to Greenfields to read to old Jones; he is ill, so come over with me, Ann, and look after Judy.' Eldest said 'Why not walk? It will do you good, and I want Ann.' Having intimated that nothing was farther from his intentions, however great the benefit to his health, he set out with me for our two-and-a-half-mile drive. It was one of those mornings that filled you with the joy of living, and as I sat waiting outside the little black and white cottage, the whole world seemed too beautiful. I watched the bees going in and out of their hives (a great source of profit in the village), and while I drank in the fragrance of the flowers all around that filled the air I could hear the Vicar reading to the old man, who would so soon see still greater beauties far away.

I felt filled with a deep content, when a surer consciousness came to me, and I was brought back to everyday life by the same voice speaking in a more everyday tone. 'Now, Mrs. Jones,' I heard, 'I cannot let you do that. Wait one moment and I will help you.' To which I heard the old woman reply: 'Now, Vicar, do 'e let me be, I can manage these 'ere stairs a main sight better than yer can, seeing as 'ow I knew 'em years before you wus ever thought of. You go on a'readin' to my old man.' And then I heard bump, bump, bump! And in between the bumps I caught again that mellow voice speaking words of comfort to the old man, and then came: 'Good-bye for the moment, dear man, God bless you, and I shall be over again very soon.' Then the sound of a hurried run down the little staircase and 'No, Mrs. Jones, I insist now.' And Mrs. Jones's reply, 'Ave it your own way, Vicar, then.' 'And you're quite sure, Mrs. Jones, you really prefer a new cupboard to this old one?' 'Lor', Vicar,' I heard, 'as if anyone but you would rather 'ave old rubbish like that than a new cupboard.'

Then the Vicar appeared in the doorway of the dear little old cottage, clasping in his arms a beautifully carved oak corner cupboard. On seeing me Mrs. Jones gave him away completely, 'And so you 'ave brought Miss Ann, 'ave you,' she said, 'to 'elp you same as you said you would last time you was 'ere.' And the Vicar,

avoiding my most speaking eye, said cheerfully, 'Yes, Mrs. Jones, and I will bring her again when I bring along the new cupboard.'

'Now, Ann,' he went on, 'make yourself small; we are taking this cupboard home with us.' And we did.

Shortly after this I became engaged to a great friend of my brother-in-law and sister, so all was as it should be. Thereupon, my brother, who as you see was a collector, acquired many additions to his collection he had hankered after (already refused as extravagant by his wife), by the simple method of saying 'I knew you would like to give this to Ann'; when it slowly began to dawn on her, and on me, that these additions were always placed beautifully in the vicarage as if they had an abiding place of their own there. And so we had to put a stop to this now transparent fraud, and there was only one way.

The next time it was a lovely little Battersea enamel patch-box, whereon was painted a bunch of tiny flowers on a lavender background with a posy 'This and the giver are thine for ever,' that the Vicar produced from his pocket, saying 'Isn't this lovely? It is a little wedding present for Ann.' So I took it from his hand and said 'Thank you so much, I love it,' and put it into my pocket. 'Give it me back, Ann,' said he, 'you will have it presently. You are not married yet.'

'Let her keep it,' said the Eldest, 'you bought it for her.' No more was said, and I kept it.

Shortly after this he came in delighted with himself, having rescued a Chippendale mahogany four-post bed, the posts carved with wheat-ears, from being cut up for firewood by one of his parishioners. It was in perfect condition, and he had said 'Do not cut up that bedstead, Miss Ann would like it. How much do you want for it?'

The man laughed and said 'Well, Vicar, there is fully five shillings' worth of firewood in it; if you like to give me that, you may have it.'

So the Vicar had it sent to the vicarage; and instructed by my sister, I had five shillings ready, and most willingly paid for that delectable bed. When the head of the family came in later he asked me if the bedstead had arrived. I said 'Yes, and I have paid for it.'

He did not say so much as he could have said; but he did offer me quite a considerable sum of money for that bed, which I still

possess. Thereupon he began to see that he had bought me quite enough wedding presents.

A few days after I had settled down with my sister I heard the story of Annie Gray, the village dressmaker, and of her engagement to her first cousin William, the village carpenter, which had lasted from the time she was seventeen till I arrived, certainly more than twenty years later. I was taken down by the Vicar's wife to be made known to the inhabitants of those lovely black-and-white cottages standing in their charming gardens here and there all down the village street. Of course, I wanted to see Annie first, for I was greatly interested in an engagement so prolonged. Her cottage, however, was not black and white, but of warm old red brick flecked with golden lichen, and a neat little garden each side of the flagged path which led to the door. We knocked, and a hoarse voice called out from inside, 'Willum, Willum,' and the door was opened by Annie herself, a sweet-faced woman of about forty who begged us to come in, and told us it was the jackdaw who called his master when anyone came to the door. During this time the jackdaw was taking us in, first with one eye and then with the other.

She seated us on a charming oak settle, and left us to call her William in from the workshop in the garden. I immediately made up my mind to have a settle like Annie's in my dining-room-to-come, and was quite prepared to give the order at once. Annie and William returned together and, in a way, they were rather alike, at least in colour and expression, the same fresh complexion and kind, gentle blue eyes; but he was much more heavy than she, and much slower. No one so slow ever lived before.

I soon got to know and love Annie and her William. They had always been brought up together. Annie's mother had died and she had lived with her father, who had also taken care of his brother's son; therefore they had become engaged when Annie was seventeen. Presently Annie's father died, and William, unmoved, remained where he was, but still they did not marry, and no one in the village ever said a word against it; and so years had gone on. Often I used to go down and see them, and I think they confided more in me than anyone else, for Annie used to tell me over and over again the story of her engagement. Also she was making my undergarments so beautifully that it was a joy to watch her. Her work was too beautiful; she worked for all time.

Terrible indeed was the undoing of her stitches. The material might perish, but Annie's stitches would remain.

The cottage and its lovely furniture, china, brasses, all had come to her from a long line of folk who had loved their home and their belongings. The old curved settle was polished by Annie's hands and the hands of her forebears until you could see your face in it. Each time I went there I reminded William that he had not begun to make mine, and time was getting on. A slow and deprecating smile would spread over his nice pink face, and he would answer 'Lor', Miss Ann, what a one you are to 'urry a man. I am allus looking for the right kind of stuff to make it just so, for yer.' He was a first-rate carpenter, but his delays and excuses were endless. How anyone ever got a coffin at all, I cannot imagine. Everything must be 'just so' or it should not be done. And so with his marriage. Times without number I asked Annie when the wedding was to be. 'Let's have a double wedding,' I used to say, 'think how we should stir the village up.' But she always had a reason why it could not be yet. 'For you see, Miss Ann, William and me must have things just so before we can get married. William, he means to have the very best on his wedding day. No better could the Squire or the Vicar have. We have bought the sherry, but there is the port yet to be saved for, and after that there is the breakfast and the ring. Oh! it won't be for some time yet, Miss Ann.'

It was no good my telling them they would make everybody ill if so much was given to eat and drink, for well did I know the capabilities of the village in that respect. 'Not if it's the very best, Miss Ann,' urged Annie, 'as much as ever our friends can eat, and as much as ever they can drink, so William says.'

'But you, yourself, you don't want all these things, do you?' said I.

'I should like everything to be of the very best, and just so,' returned Annie firmly, 'and then there's the wedding ring to get,' she went on, 'and William sets great store by that. He is always thinking what to have written inside. I know,' she said, 'he is thinking it out when I see him smiling to himself evenings.'

Then I married, and William exerted himself to give me a wedding present of a very beautiful box, made of some old carved panels which doubtless came at one time from the church. I use it to this day to put away the Prayer Books when we return from church; and Annie gave me some beautiful old brass cream

skimmers which had been for all time in her family. Before I left I used to beg her to hurry him up to marry her, but she said 'I couldn't, Miss Ann, if it were ever so. William is getting things together so beautifully for me that I could not hurry him. He must take his time. And we have got the port now, Miss Ann,' she added with great dignity and pride.

From time to time I went back to stay with the Eldest, and I always used to rush off to see Annie and William; they were always the same. Each time the wedding seemed a little nearer, as something else had been saved for and obtained, and everything was getting just so.

They had been engaged just thirty years when the Eldest wrote to me the joyful tidings that the wedding day was fixed for the next month, and that the invitations were out. So what could I do but rush down from Town to see the bride, for she wrote to me that all was ready?

I knocked loudly at the door and the jackdaw cried 'Willum, Willum,' and the bride and bridegroom opened the door together, wreathed in smiles and covered in confusion. I kissed Annie and I nearly kissed William. Annie returned her bridegroom to his workshop in the garden, and then we women went into her sweet, clean little bedroom, and there on the bed was spread for my inspection the wedding garment. The loveliest peach silk dress was there. 'Annie,' I exclaimed, 'where did you get that lovely dress—where did it come from?'

'You may well ask, Miss Ann,' she answered, 'money untold could not buy that silk now; it was my mother's wedding gown, and I have altered it to fit myself.' By its side lay a priceless lace scarf, smelling of roses and lavender. She took it up with a loving hand and said 'See, Miss Ann, my dear mother made this for her wedding day and it has never been worn since. I am going to wear it on my wedding day, and then, my dear, what do you think I am going to do with it?'

'Treasure it up in roses and lavender, Annie,' I said, 'for your own daughter.'

'There won't be any daughter for us,' she said, 'but as soon as our guests are gone, and before we go to Bournemouth for our honeymoon, I am going to pack it up and drop it into the post, and you, Miss Ann, my dear, will have it the next day: no one else, and you will wear it now and then and think of William and me.'

I could say nothing, for I saw it was her wish. I wore it to

Court, and sent a photograph of myself in it, and the photograph hangs still on the cottage wall.

Before I left them, William, with a face like a full-blown Caroline Testout rose, beckoned me alone to the workshop. Annie modestly remained in the house. After casting a few nervous glances around, he showed me, with smiles and overwhelming pride, the wedding ring and the posy inside which he had taken years to compose. I took it in my hand and I looked and saw 'Darling' engraved thereon. 'Nothing, William,' said I, 'could be more beautiful or appropriate.' And I left them to their joy in each other.

I could not be at the wedding, but I had a full account of it from both Annie and the Eldest. No Squire or Vicar could have possibly competed for one moment with that regal feast.

I saw them again several times, very happy and all in all to each other; but it was not for very long. My dear Annie died, and William was left alone with the jackdaw and his memories.

After her death I went again to see him, and as I knocked as of old at the cottage door, the jackdaw called 'Willum, Willum,' and he came alone—much older, so sad and so lonely. We talked a little, and when the time came for me to say good-bye, William held my hand in both his and said 'Miss Ann, I beg your pardon, mam, my Annie—she thought the world of you.' And I looked into his sad blue eyes and said 'And I thought the world of Annie, William.'

I had not been married more than six weeks when I found I must see my nephew Peter again, and so I wrote off to the mother of Peter and demanded his coming. In due time he came accompanied by his nurse, whom I promptly returned, and took charge myself.

Peter was at this time aged seven, and the most adorable of sailor boys. A curly head, blue eyes, eyelashes as long as his nose, and a smile and a lisp that disarmed the whole of his family when chastisement was clearly the order of the day.

Once in a moment of aberration he called his nurse 'a beas'ly beas,' and she at once delivered him into his father's hands to redress her wrongs. His father placed his small son before him, saying sternly 'Now, Peter, you will tell me every bad word you know.' Peter replied at once, 'Only all the b's, father.' The Vicar wisely left well alone and continued, 'I am going to give you two strokes for calling your kind nurse two bad names, and each



time you say a bad word I shall give you a hard stroke. Hold out your hand.'

A little grubby hand was held out, and a voice said 'Do you fink it is velly nice for a great big man like you to hit a lickle boy like me?'

I do not know how Peter's father explained away the two strokes which, I understand, were not administered.

Soon after his arrival to stay with us, I took him up to town to a variety entertainment, which he enjoyed immensely. His behaviour was beyond reproach. He rose from his seat to clap heartily each performer, stood like a true patriot for 'God Save the King'; then turned to me and said 'It was velly kind of you, Aunt Ann, to bring me to this red velvet seat.'

From the theatre we went on to make a thoroughly satisfactory tea, and then to go home by a favourite train of the usual daily goers to town. It was with difficulty that I found two seats facing each other for Peter and myself. The other occupants of the carriage were busily engaged with their evening papers. Peter in his clear little voice at once began to discuss the performance. 'How beautiful,' he said, 'that young lady walked the tight rope, Aunt Ann.' I was young and shy, and was not sure what more was in store for me, so muttered vaguely. 'How beautiful,' he went on, 'you would walk the tight rope, Aunt Ann, you with your double joints.' Every evening paper was lowered to look at my double joints. 'I haven't got double joints, Peter,' I said with scarlet face. 'Oh, yes, you have,' he said, 'because I heard Uncle Tommy tell you last night that you were double-jointed when you were showing him how far you could bend your fingers back.'

The papers were lowered again, and the little voice went on: 'How grateful to God a little boy should be, Aunt Ann, that his father isn't a nigger.'

The papers were lifted again in anticipation of the reply as to his parentage.

Peter remained three months with us, during which time he became the idol of many. Each day he accompanied his uncle to the station with the collie dog, 'Gurth.' He always said he took Gurth, but anyone who met the helpless little figure hanging on to the lead on the way back, might think it was otherwise and that Gurth took Peter.

One day when I was in my room I overheard a difference of opinion between Peter and Emma, the pivot of our establishment. He was evidently coming upstairs from the garden without rubbing

his shoes on the mat. 'Master Peter,' said Emma, 'go downstairs at once and clean your shoes, you are leaving mud on the carpets. What do you think your aunt keeps mats for?' The steps quickened, and from the top of the stairs I heard his answer: 'Emma,' he said, 'what does Aunt Ann keep persons for?' And then he beat a hasty retreat into my room, where no mention was made of the conversation overheard. He was getting rather spoilt, and so it was as well his mother wrote saying she could spare him no longer, and was sending for him. There were tears, and he said 'It isn't that I don't want to see my father and mother again, but it is the parting I feel.'

He left us laden with toys, and the carriage met him at the station four miles from the vicarage. When they arrived at the village at a point where you can either walk across the churchyard or drive on and turn into the gate, he said to his nurse 'You can go on; I am going through the churchyard.' When his mother saw the carriage she ran out calling 'Peter, Peter,' the nurse said 'I thought he would be here by now; he walked across the churchyard.' Down the churchyard went his mother to find her son sitting on a flat tombstone, having unpacked his toys and playing with his soldiers most comfortably.

As a great treat he was occasionally allowed to wash his defunct great-aunt's tombstone, that is, as much of it as he could reach, for he said himself, 'You see, I arn't so velly tall.' The tombstone was a very tall white marble cross. On returning to the nursery from his duty and his pleasure he said 'If my great-aunt Jane was half as handsome as her tombstone, she must have been a remarkably beautiful woman.'

Emma had been in our family for many years, and she was a very curious character. Had she been born in another walk of life and educated, she would have been a remarkable person, for she could do most things well. She loved long words which, somehow or other, however distantly related to the words she had in her mind, always expressed what she meant them to express, and she was a real actress. Every word was dramatic, and every gesture told. I loved to talk to her and draw her out.

One morning, having no business whatever to take me below stairs, nevertheless I was there, and seated on her kitchen table talking to her, when she said 'Do you know that old 'ag I used to live with, Miss Ann?'

'Are you referring to your late mistress, Emma?' I said.

'I ham,' she returned cheerfully, 'I always call 'er the old 'ag behind 'er back. Well, she 'ad an 'all you would have loved, busks all round on pillows, and w'iles I was with 'er,' she continued (rolling out and flouring the paste), 'the bugglers broke in and ramshacked the 'ouse from top to bottom, and pampered with all the locks.'

Just then the mistress of the house came into the kitchen. 'What are you doing here, Ann?' she said, 'I am sure Emma doesn't want you sitting on her table.'

'Ho!' said Emma, 'I shall turn 'er off fast enough if she cannot be'ave 'erself.' So I continued to sit and listen to my sister's conversation.

'Emma,' she said, 'Mr. S. is coming to stay, so you will have to be careful as to his food; he is a vegetarian.'

'Well, I never,' said Emma, 'and his ma so 'igh church.'

'What has that to do with it, Emma?' said her mistress.

'Well,' said Emma, 'there's a chapel down our way for them, and I 'ave heard as 'ow it is the lowest of the low. I often,' she continued, 'hear them playing on their little armonia as I go by.'

Well, I married, and the beloved Eldest said to me, 'You are so helpless, Ann, and so forgetful, that I know you would never order meals, and as I have a regard for my brother-in-law, I feel there is nothing for it but to let you have Emma to look after you both.' And so it was, and when my sister broke the news to Emma she said 'Well, I never misliked Miss Ann, she will do all right in time; she's a bit enjoyable same as you was when I first came to you. I don't dislike either of you, and as to 'im, Miss Ann's 'usband, I consider 'im a most exempt man.' And so she came to us and served us faithfully for years.

She had, like all treasures, her ways. She was very jealous and, if either of us was ill, objected to any other than herself nursing us; for as well as being a very good cook she was a first-rate nurse, and could keep a distrustful eye on her subordinate in the kitchen, and attend at the bedside at the same time. But there came a time when a trained nurse had to come, and thereupon, without more ado, Emma gave notice, and with no uncertain note either. Both her 'exempt' master and her late mistress told her how little worth her love was if she could leave me when I most wanted her. She wept and she wailed and said 'No one wanted her,' but in the end she remained, although she treated the trained one as dust beneath her feet; but when the time came, and the hated one departed, she was

quite happy. During my convalescence she found me overtired by some visitors who had stayed too long, she looked at me in a gloomy manner and remarked 'I am going to put a stop to all these here visits, and mean to keep you a deal more seluded.'

After all this trying time she wanted a rest and a holiday, so she went down West to a cousin. Soon after she came back she said to me in a voice of deep disgust, 'Annie's got a lodger.' She always expected me to take the same interest in her affairs as she did in mine.

I therefore rose at once to the occasion and said politely, 'A nice one, I hope.'

'One of them under-eyed, jumped-up chaps,' she said, 'e speaks of servants as no class.'

Knowing Emma's powers of speech I thirsted to know more.

'And this,' she said, answering my unspoken question, 'was how I put it. "Ho!" I said, "indeed, you don't, don't you."

"No! I do not," he said in a fancy sort of a voice. "Ho, indeed!" I said again. "And would you like to know what is the difference between me, a servant, and you, a clerk?"

"Oh pray tell me," says he, as impident as you may please.

"Well," I says, "it is just this. Where you," I says, "jingle your keys in your empty pockets, and if luck's in 'ave an 'errin for your breakfast, I," I says, "lives on the fat of the land, and rustle in my pocket my five-pound notes." And that's how I put it,' she said, looking at me with the undimmed fire of conquest in her eye. I felt with her there was nothing more she could have said.

The last story I can remember of her is just a little homely one. She was going into the town as usual one morning, and I asked her, as I was dining out, to get a buttonhole of violets for the 'exempt' one. And she said 'Metropolitans, I suppose?'

## ADVENTURES IN PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE (F. HARCOURT KITCHIN).

### IV. REVOLT OF THE PARTNERS.

[The first three parts of this series have dealt with events and impressions which date from the 'nineties of the last century. The years 1901 to 1906 are omitted. They witnessed the adventures of the writer outside Printing House Square, the Period of Reform, his return as a Departmental Editor, the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and *The Times* Book Club. During these years Moberly Bell's struggles to increase the circulation of *The Times* and to provide funds for carrying it on increased in intensity and met with considerable success. The story is resumed at the moment of crisis when a group of the partners, who owned the copyright in the newspaper, began an action in the Court of Chancery which ended in the dissolution of partnership and the sale of the Copyright to outside interests.]

MOBERLY BELL possessed in supreme degree that type of moral courage which is at its highest and best when the surrounding circumstances are the most desperate. The deeper the gloom the more intensely flamed the inward light of his dauntless soul. He would have made an ideal leader of the forlornest of forlorn hopes. This quality in his courage, which expanded with every call upon it, differed widely from that proverbial characteristic of the Englishman to go on fighting because he does not know when he is beaten. The capacity to pluck victory from defeat by sheer endurance may, and often does, arise from stupidity, from inability to recognise defeat when one sees it. Bell's courage did not spring from any deficiencies in intellectual vision. He was a man of great and highly cultivated intellect, and the eyes of his mind lacked nothing in acuteness of vision. There was not a moment all through that long fight of his for the body and soul of *The Times* during which he did not realise and face the certainty of ultimate defeat. It was because he knew that he could not win, and yet fought on, that I venture to describe his moral courage as of supreme quality. To perceive clearly that one cannot win, that

the longer one endures the more certainly one will die fighting, and still to go on with no thought of weakening—that is to pass a test to which very few are subjected, and from which fewer still would not withdraw if they could see a way out.

Moberly Bell might have withdrawn at any time. *The Times* was no property of his. He was no more than the paid servant of an employer who, towards the end of his service, tried to supersede him, and at any time for years before that would, I think, rather gladly have accepted his resignation. Bell had every inducement to get quit of *The Times* before it crashed about his ears. He was not a rich man, he had small resources of his own, yet for years he maintained a high social position in London at considerable financial loss to himself. Had he chosen to put his name and services up to auction he could have obtained from firms or companies in the City twice or thrice the remuneration which he was content to draw from *The Times*. Had he cared for money he could have made any quantity of it. He was intimately known to, and trusted by, several of the most influential and wealthiest men of the day, who would heartily have welcomed his co-operation in their activities. Yet he put aside all thoughts of his own enrichment, spent his own small savings, and sacrificed his health unsparingly, in a fight from which he could personally win nothing. Why?

Some men spend themselves for love of gain, some for love of a woman, some for worship of an ideal. Moberly Bell was of this last small class of men, who will sacrifice themselves, and all that belongs to them, in the service of an ideal. In his eyes *The Times* was not a newspaper, owned by a private partnership, and run partly in the financial interests of an hereditary family. *The Times* was a sacred trust committed to his charge by the people of England. At the bottom of his heart he did not care a rap for private property in a public trust such as he conceived *The Times* to be. I fancy that Buckle, and his colleagues in the Editor's Room, shared this view of Bell's, though they may not have been prepared to put their view into words quite so crudely as I have done. I am sure that none of those, upon whom depended the preservation in journalism of the traditions of *The Times*, regarded the newspaper as a property to be bought and sold as one buys or sells a soap factory. Moberly Bell realised, years before the crisis in the fortunes of the newspaper became acute, that his withdrawal—voluntary or enforced—would have precipitated the

crisis and left the shattered pieces of the greatest newspaper in the world to be scrambled for by competing interests to whom a newspaper was either a means of gain or an engine of propaganda. That would have meant the end of *The Times* and all that it stood for, and the end of all those devoted servants of *The Times* of whom Bell himself was the chief guardian. So it came about that the notion of giving up, of abandoning the ungrateful struggle, never entered Bell's head. To have done so, merely that he might secure his own comfort or gain, would have seemed to him to be the foulest treachery. He had come to regard himself, not as the servant of Mr. Walter, and of the proprietors whom he represented, but as the servant and trustee of *The Times* as an entity wholly apart from its nominal owners. I do not think that at any time during the later stages of his battle for the life of *The Times* he would have accepted dismissal by Mr. Walter. He would have defied and fought Mr. Walter as he defied and fought him in January 1908, when his dismissal was announced to the world though never communicated directly to himself. Though, until that moment, Moberly Bell had always been a faithful servant to Mr. Walter, the deep ineradicable loyalty of his soul was given, not to any Governing Proprietor, but to *The Times* itself and to his colleagues of *The Times*.

For years before the final collision came between Mr. Walter and his co-partners, and between Moberly Bell and the two Walter brothers, the end was in sight. Bell saw it clearly. He had, with unfailing courage and resource, pushed his Sisyphean stone up the hill, yet always it had come slipping back upon him. The profits on the sales of the Ninth and Tenth Editions of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' had staved off the worst perils of the late 'nineties and of the early years of this century, and had enabled Bell to accept reforms on the editorial side to authorise which would earlier have frightened him. The circulation scheme of 1904—with its reduced price to annual subscribers—had run for twelve months and then shown plain signs of failure. Though many new subscribers had come in, most of those who took advantage of the lower price were old readers who simply cost Bell's sales revenue eighteen shillings a head per year without conferring upon him any compensating advantage. What was more serious, the entrants of 1904 did not try to renew their subscriptions in the expected and desired number. Then the Book Club project, though it had been successful in providing increased sales of *The Times*, had involved heavy costs per head in



the Book Club subsidy, and after twelve months had involved *The Times* and the Club in a disastrous war with booksellers and publishers. So long as the entanglement of the Book Club and the Book War continued it was not possible for Moberly Bell to devise any new schemes either for raising funds or for attracting fresh readers.

Beneath the uneasy surface upon which Bell had to construct all his temporary edifices was rumbling a volcanic storm, while yet the blasts of the Book War were buffeting the latest fabric which he had so laboriously been erecting. To lay foundations upon volcanic tufa is a notoriously hazardous enterprise; Bell did not build upon crumbling soil for choice, but because the constitution of *The Times* offered him no alternative. The private partnership was always his basis—it owned the copyright of *The Times*—and now that private partnership was cracking and splitting. Presently under his feet a chasm would yawn.

That association of private partners which owned *The Times* as a newspaper, and owned nothing else, must not be forgotten by the reader. Those partners were not incorporated or organised in any way. Each partner had the rights and liabilities of every other partner, and no partner, or group of partners however strong, could afford to ignore others in the partnership however insignificant and scattered they might seem to be. The Head of the Walter Family, who had, in personal succession, for nearly a hundred years been Governing Proprietor and Hereditary Manager, concentrated in his own person the powers of the partners to manage and control *The Times*, but he could not relieve his fellow-partners of their joint and several liabilities in *The Times*, nor prevent them from asserting their rights to have the partnership dissolved or reorganised. The two Walter brothers—Mr. Walter and Godfrey Walter—jointly owned the buildings known as Printing House Square and were paid rent by *The Times* for the use of those buildings. The brothers owned also the printing business which, under contract, printed *The Times*. But these brothers did not own *The Times*—did not even own a very large proportion of the shares into which *The Times* proprietorship had come in three generations to be divided. They were liable to be pulled up by their co-partners at any moment, and compelled to submit to any order which the Court of Chancery might see fit to make in regard to the partnership. The continued existence of this private partnership was fatal to the continuance of *The Times*. Long years before it should have been dissolved

and turned into a private limited company incorporated with clearly defined powers and responsibilities under the Companies Acts. The Walters might have brought about this incorporation at almost any time; they shrank from doing so, and did not accept the necessity until acceptance was forced upon them. They seem to have rested in the illusory belief that the Walters still owned *The Times* for at least a generation after that ownership had passed beyond their hands.

The partnership, after the death of the First John Walter in 1812, rapidly split up into fragments. The founder of *The Times* had retained to himself eight of the original sixteenths into which the proprietorship had been divided. But after the dispositions by will of the First, Second, and Third John Walters, the Fourth Walter in succession—Arthur Fraser Walter, whose elder brother John had been drowned at Bearwood—possessed in his own right no more than two-sixteenths as compared with his great-grandfather's eight-sixteenths. Mr. Arthur Walter possessed the largest single holding in the partnership: that was all. It was the comparative smallness of this interest possessed by the Walter brothers in the ownership of *The Times*—as distinct from their complete ownership of the buildings and of the printing business—which diverted their attention from *The Times* newspaper as a property, and caused them to concentrate their interests upon the printing business and on the buildings. Fluctuations in the success of the paper were not reflected in the steady returns from their printing business and from their buildings. It is strange that they could have expected their co-partners in *The Times*, as a newspaper, to have remained passively content with this situation. Moberly Bell, when I occasionally spoke to him about the constitution, used to shrug his shoulders. He had long since abandoned the task, hopeless even for him, of seeking to bend the minds of the Walters from their hereditary idea that *The Times* was theirs and everything appertaining to it. We have to do, then, with a fixed idea: that the Walters were *The Times*, and that *The Times* could be operated and disposed of by the Walters in such manner as they might think fit. It took the Court of Chancery eight months to eliminate this fixed idea. It was not until the long Walter reign was over that I learned—Moberly Bell was too faithful to tell me everything earlier—how much that fixed idea of theirs had handicapped *The Times* all through those grievous years of Bell's struggle to preserve its life.

The action in the Chancery Division of '*Sibley v. Walter*,'

which was destined to gather importance until it ended the Walter control over the destinies of *The Times*, was first set down in 1905. It looked at the beginning like the challenge of a very small David addressed to a very large Goliath. Dr. Sibley was the smallest partner among the hundred or so partners who, after the divisions of three generations, constituted *The Times* proprietorship. Mr. Walter was the largest partner and was, besides, Governing Proprietor. Dr. Sibley, and those who were associated with him, asked at first for very little, and would have been content with very little. They wanted to see some accounts of revenue and expenditure, and to be relieved of the indefinite liabilities of an unincorporated partnership. Had the intervention been welcomed as a convenient occasion for the ending of an outworn partnership, and the incorporation of a company in its place, the subsequent history of *The Times* might have been widely different from that which we know. But no representative company would have accepted the private printing business, and the Walters were not prepared to abandon for the asking their hereditary contract, with all it implied to them. Ultimately it was taken from them, and they received a mess of pottage in compensation for the loss of it. In 1905 they might have secured generous terms for its abandonment.

During 1906 the action of 'Sibley v. Walter' simmered. Negotiations went on between the parties, and at last, towards the end of the year—after the Book War had broken out—an agreement was reached which was announced publicly in the Court of Chancery on December 5 to Mr. Justice Parker. Counsel for Dr. Sibley was careful to explain that the Book War had nothing to do with the action—which was quite true; the action began before the Book Club came into existence—and that what the Sibley group chiefly desired was the incorporation of a private limited company, with Mr. Walter as Governing Director. All were agreed that whoever conducted *The Times* on behalf of the proprietors must have full power and control. Two inquiries were asked for—one into the identity of the partners and the extent of their holdings, particulars which no one seemed to have except, possibly, Mr. Walter's solicitors; the second inquiry was concerning the assets, property, and effects of the partnership. The partners do not appear to have realised that they owned no assets except the copyright of *The Times* as a newspaper and the leases of some offices, and no property or effects except cash in the bank, money due to the newspaper for

sales and advertisements, and the current stocks of white paper! Everything solid and tangible belonged to the Walter brothers. Finally, the plaintiff asked for accounts showing receipts and payments since June 30, 1900. Counsel for Mr. Walter agreed to all these requests, and the speeches on both sides, as reported in *The Times*, read much like the cautious deliverances of the Bar at an action for collusive divorce. The plaintiff, through his Counsel, was careful to emphasise that dissolution of partnership was not asked for: merely sale to a private limited company, with Mr. Walter as Governing Director. That was in December 1906.

Eight months later, on July 31, 1907, the parties appeared again before a Judge of the Chancery Division. Those months had seen a great change come over the temper of the plaintiff and his associated partners. The Book War had mauled the prestige of *The Times* until it had become the draggled remnant of what it had been in the previous December, and the accounts for which the partners had asked, and which they had obtained, must have revealed the high costs of printing with which *The Times* had for years been burdened. It was a simple matter for any person skilled in newspaper production to take *The Times*, estimate what it would cost to set and print with modern machines, and then to compare those estimates with the actual charges. Kennedy Jones did this a few months later, and I have seen the results. They were calculated to turn the agreeable purrings of December 1906 into the resolute demands of July 1907. David (Dr. Sibley) now asked for a dissolution of partnership and a sale of *The Times*, and Goliath (Mr. Walter) could no longer resist the demand. The partnership was dissolved by the Court forthwith, and the assets, property, and effects were ordered to be sold with the approbation of the judge—any party to be at liberty to apply in Chambers in regard to such sale. Meanwhile Mr. Walter was directed to carry on, to collect and get in debts due and other assets. That judicial order of July 31, 1907, of which few heard at the time, was the death-warrant of the Walter constitution of *The Times*.

I should make clear that at this moment, in July 1907, when *The Times* was ordered to be sold 'with the approbation of the Judge,' there was no desperate necessity for a sale arising out of financial embarrassments. The dissolution of the partnership arose through the refusal of a section of the partners to bear any longer the burdens and liabilities of their partnership. They were fully entitled to ask for relief, and the Court granted what they asked.

Once dissolution had been directed by the Court, an order for sale followed as a matter of course. *The Times* was no bankrupt concern put up to public auction for what it might fetch. At the moment when the order of July 31 was made the revenue of *The Times*, both from sales and advertisements, was larger than it had been for many years; and, though the Book Club subsidy of so much per head per subscriber-member was a heavy drain, the astute bargain made by Bell with Hooper and Jackson threw the losses of the Book War on to their shoulders. The stock of the Book Club belonged to Hooper and Jackson, and if they made miscalculations over its disposal that was their look out, not Bell's. He gave them all the help that he could in the controversy with booksellers and publishers, and, so far as the public was concerned, it was a contest between *The Times* and the opponents of the Book Club; yet the financial responsibility of *The Times* was all through limited to the subsidy per head of Book Club members. *The Times* was not sold because it was no longer able to carry on: it was sold because a dissolution of the owning partnership forced a sale upon it.

The first step taken by Moberly Bell was to consult with H. E. Hooper and then to call me in. I found the pair of them discussing the preposterous expedient of amalgamating *The Times* with the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and forming a company to own and conduct the two properties. For a short time Bell was quite set upon this scheme. It accorded with his conviction that *The Times* conducted upon its traditional lines, with its immensely costly Foreign News service—which appealed to but a small section of the public—could not be continued unless it were subsidised by revenues from sources other than its own sales and advertisements. His experiences ever since 1898, when the association with the firm of Hooper and Jackson had begun, confirmed him in this forlorn estimate of the earning power of a first-class newspaper. I could not very well tell him that *The Times*, even after the very considerable reforms introduced since those melancholy days in the 'nineties which I have described, lacked many of the requirements of a first-class newspaper. It was still set by the obsolete Kastenbein machine, still printed with an Inner and an Outer Sheet, still so badly made-up that regular faithful readers howled with exasperation whenever they tried to find the columns which they sought. Home News still suffered from grievous neglect. I could not put into blunt words the conspicuous fact that *The Times* of

1907 was not worth threepence a day to readers who could get the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Morning Post* for one penny daily. Bell was a man of matchless courage and of inexhaustible resource, yet he was not a fully equipped newspaper administrator. Had he controlled the printing business of the Walters he would quickly have discovered much of what he did not learn until after that printing business had been abolished. It may seem absurd to write of this man, with his acute and rapid intelligence, that he lacked imagination; yet it must be written. He followed so closely his own intellectual interests that he failed to realise and to appreciate how very wide was the field of interests which, though they did not appeal to him, absorbed the attention of many other people. Something of the same absorption was manifested by the Editor. Neither of these distinguished men applied to newspaper work a maxim which seems to me to contain the whole duty of an editor. It is: 'Concentrate your attention upon the subjects in which you are *not* personally interested. There is no danger that you will neglect those subjects in which you are personally interested.' Like most other maxims—even those of Napoleon—this is no more than an inspired scrap of commonplace; yet from lack of its observance, it seems to me, *The Times* of the early century still fell short of attaining much of what was attainable even under the disabilities of its constitution.

Moberly Bell in search of a subsidy for *The Times*, and H. E. Hooper in search of a permanent home in England for his 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' came together for a few weeks over this project of amalgamation. I assisted Hooper to draft a prospectus of the company which proposed to take over the combined properties, and then discussed with Hartley Withers the prospects of a public appeal for working capital. Withers liked the scheme as little as I did. Nevertheless he submitted it in confidence to a leading stockbroker, skilled in Home issues, and inquired whether the public might be expected to subscribe to an issue of preference shares. The opinion of this authority was markedly adverse, a good deal to our relief. H. E. Hooper was choked off, for it appeared that he was unwilling to finance *The Times* himself, and both Bell and Mr. Walter were wholly adverse to *The Times* being financed by the American firm of Hooper and Jackson. So the amalgamation fell through. I wish that I had kept a copy of that prospectus; it would form a most interesting item in my museum of Printing House Square relics. The contrast which it revealed between the profit-earning power of a publication like the 'E.B.'—'boosted'



by the methods of Hooper—and a publication like *The Times* was rather startling. So far as my recollection serves, the 'E.B.,' exclusive of the American copyright—which Hooper proposed to retain for his firm—earned as many pounds in a year as *The Times* did shillings. This story has some bearing upon what I have written above about the financial circumstances of *The Times* at the date when the partnership which owned its copyright was dissolved, and it was ordered by the Court to be sold. The newspaper was then making a small profit even after charging the revenue with the Book Club subsidy. It was plain that, if equipped with modern type-casting and printing machinery, *The Times* was capable still of facing the financial future. The quicksands which had threatened it a few years before had receded. *The Times* was in a better financial position in July of 1907 when ordered to be sold than it had been for several years earlier.

. . . . .

On the morning of Tuesday, January 7, 1908, Moberly Bell opened his copy of *The Times* and was astounded to read the following announcement upon the leader page. It was as complete a shock and surprise to him as it was to the staff of *The Times* and to the regular readers of that newspaper :

'Negotiations are in progress whereby it is contemplated that *The Times* newspaper shall be formed into a limited company under the proposed chairmanship of Mr. Walter.

'The newspaper, as heretofore, will be published at Printing House Square.

'The business management will be reorganised by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the proposed managing director.

'The editorial character of the paper will remain unchanged and will be conducted, as in the past, on lines independent of party politics.

'The contemplated arrangements will, in all probability, require the sanction of the Court before they become definitive.'

Moberly Bell, I say, read that extraordinary notice for the first time that Tuesday morning. He, who had been for eighteen years the responsible Assistant Manager to Mr. Walter, the Governing Proprietor, had not been favoured with a word about the 'contemplated arrangements' for the new company, or been warned of his contemplated supersession in the business management by



Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. He was the victim of a public affront which is unique in the history of British journalism.

This notice which appeared in *The Times* of January 7 was handed to Buckle late on the previous evening with instructions from Mr. Walter to put it into the following day's paper. To Buckle, and to all in the Editor's Room, it was a bolt from the blue. In some annoyance Buckle at once wrote a letter to Moberly Bell reproaching him for keeping secret from himself, as Editor, proceedings so momentous. He naturally assumed that Bell must have known all about the negotiations. When he learned that in fact Bell knew nothing, that the whole business had been conducted behind his back, Buckle was not less shocked and astonished than Bell himself had been.

The secrecy of the Pearson negotiations may be explicable, though the manner of their public announcement can never be condoned. Granted that the Walters were entitled to enter into any negotiations for the reorganisation of *The Times* which seemed good to them, still nothing can excuse the sudden public notice, without any previous warning whatsoever, to a man in Bell's position.

One must acquit Mr. Walter himself of more than a simple concurrence at the last moment. The Pearson scheme was the work of Godfrey Walter, part owner and manager of the Walter Printing Business. Between Godfrey Walter, as representing the printing contract, and Moberly Bell, as devoted to the service of *The Times* as a newspaper, official relations could never be cordial. To Bell the printing business was the Old Man of the Sea, a burden beyond his strength to carry; to Godfrey Walter, Moberly Bell was an upstart Grand Vizier who had gathered into his own hands the reins of power which should have been controlled by the Walters. So when Godfrey Walter negotiated the Pearson agreement, which he strangely believed would restore the old authority of the Walters and eliminate the great figure of the too powerful Moberly Bell, he observed the closest secrecy, and was especially careful that neither Bell nor Buckle should hear a word about it until success, in his narrow view, had been achieved. When he conceived the moment ripe for a crushing declaration he obtained his brother's authority for the public announcement. Mr. Walter, confronted by a situation which he had not fully grasped, assented without realising the enormity of the offence which was being committed against both Bell and Buckle.

The announcement, which I have quoted above, was intended by Godfrey Walter to be a declaration of war against Moberly Bell. It was not so intended by Mr. Walter, who never appears to have admitted that it was a public dismissal of Moberly Bell from *The Times*. So little was this flagrant aspect of the affair realised by the Governing Proprietor that he did not then, or at any time later, communicate direct with Bell. He never gave Bell the notice, to which he was entitled, of the contemplated termination of his engagement as 'Assistant Manager.' He reconciled, in some unexpected fashion, the prospect of Arthur Pearson as Managing Director with the continued existence of Moberly Bell as the *de facto* Manager which he had been since 1890. Furious as Bell justly was, and willingly as he picked up the gage of battle thrown down by Godfrey Walter, he was much less angry with Mr. Walter than one might have expected. He determined at once that the Walter control should be ended, if it were in his power to end it; yet he treated Mr. Walter with kindly tolerance rather than with acute hostility. He instantly resolved to smash the 'Pearson plot,' as he called it, and to eject Godfrey Walter from Printing House Square; but all through the fight which followed his relations with Mr. Walter remained outwardly those which they had been for years past.

There was, however, this fundamental difference. Hitherto Bell had always submitted his plans to Mr. Walter before putting them into operation. Now he thrust Mr. Walter completely on one side, and proceeded with his campaign against the Pearson agreement as if the Governing Proprietor had abdicated his hereditary functions. I therefore had the curious experience of seeing Bell, the publicly dismissed Manager of *The Times*, carrying on all his negotiations for the sale of *The Times* and for its future reorganisation from the chair of the Manager's Room, and with all the weight and authority of his status as Manager. Moberly Bell, in effect, superseded Mr. Walter; he put him aside as one who was no longer a serious combatant, and he offered him at the end—with the gesture of 'take it or leave it'—the acceptance of all that he had planned to carry through. Within twenty-four hours of the publication of the Pearson notice a silent Palace Revolution on the old French model had been effected. The hereditary sovereign was quietly deposed and Moberly Bell, Mayor of the Palace, ruled in his stead. From that moment Mr. Walter simply drifted; he could not contend with his formidable subordinate, and had no choice but to accept

the conditions and the rôle which Moberly Bell laid down for him.

The situation as it developed in Printing House Square was starkly impossible. Yet it seemed to me at the time so natural, indeed so inevitable, that it was not until months had passed that I began to appreciate the richness of its humorous features. Down came Moberly Bell bristling in rage like some furious wolf, eager to fall upon and slaughter both the Walter brothers, yet finding no one with whom to give battle. He had expected to receive a letter from the Governing Proprietor terminating his own engagement as Assistant Manager. He received no such letter, either then or at any time. He sought for Mr. Walter that he might demand a personal explanation, but Mr. Walter was not to be found. The Governing Proprietor, who had been suffering from influenza, had retired to Ramsgate to recuperate, and possibly to keep out of Bell's way. Godfrey Walter, hidden on the far side of the buildings, did not venture within range of Bell's guns. So Bell, laughing for the first time since he had read that notice in *The Times*, plumped himself down in the Manager's chair and proceeded to carry on with the ordinary business of the paper as if nothing had happened. Presently I turned up, anxious for information. I found Bell singularly cheerful, in the circumstances. He saw the greatest fight of his career opening out before him and his eyes glittered with the lust of battle. I think that on that first morning the Walters were wise in keeping out of his way, and that it was fortunate for Bell's later schemes that they did. With his pugnacious zest for war Bell could scarcely have avoided a definite official split which would have made it impossible for him to have conducted his future operations from behind the enemy's defences.

'What are you going to do about this Pearson business?' I asked.

'Smash it,' replied Bell. 'It is that — Godfrey.'

He had no doubt of his power to smash it, and I had no doubt. No one on the editorial side of *The Times* seemed to have any doubt of the ultimate issue. Moberly Bell, hitherto regarded by many as a Beast, sprang into instant popularity. The public affront to which he had been subjected brought all men over to his side. He was our champion against the proprietors, of whom most of us knew little and towards whom we felt no personal loyalty whatever, and we offered Bell our fullest sympathy and all our support, for what it might be worth. Everyone to whom I spoke was perfectly confident that Bell would come out a winner. Some-

how—I have no notion how—word had gone round the Square that the enemy was Godfrey Walter, for whom the editorial side had no regard at all.

An apocryphal legend sprang up, and passed rapidly from mouth to ear, which, though unhappily it was not true, illustrated the respect which Moberly Bell's indomitable pluck had gained for him throughout the staff. The story was that when Bell was first shown by Buckle the Pearson notice he turned white, and then laughed. 'Perhaps,' said he gaily, 'they will keep me on as Limerick Editor.' This legendary account of Bell's reception of the insult put upon him was not without its uses, for in the fight which was now joined between the staff and the Walters—for that was the true issue—Bell was the acknowledged accredited champion of the whole staff, from the highest to the lowest. The partners in the ownership of *The Times* had already revolted against Walter domination; it was now the turn of the staff also, whom the Walters still regarded as their ever faithful subjects, to break out into revolt.

Of this attitude of mind on their part—that we were their ever faithful subjects—I was to receive a striking illustration. The man at the bottom of the 'Pearson plot' was, as has been said, Godfrey Walter, manager and part owner in the printing business. He was to most of the night staff little more than a name; to many of those who had actually met him he remained little more than a phantom. He stalked about the office by day 'remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.' From his room—Number One on the editorial side—he marched across to the printing office unseeing and almost unseen. He never appeared to exchange small civilities with those who crossed his path. For years, whenever I happened to encounter him, he looked through me and passed me by. He raised the Walter aloofness to the *n*th degree. When later I did have official relations with him in the printing business he was always civil and tried to be helpful. So maybe that ungracious unseeing progress of his through the office sprang from shyness rather than from pride of station. It made the worst of impressions, whatever may have been the cause of it. We could feel no loyalty towards a man who seemed to treat us of the humble staff as of less account than the dirt on the floor. But after I made his official acquaintance Godfrey Walter always recognised my existence when we met, so that one cannot but believe that he was not intentionally discourteous to those whom he did not know.

Nevertheless it was most unfortunate for both the Walter brothers that they were totally deficient in the simple art of inspiring personal devotion in their staff. When the clash came they had not a friend in the Square.

For a day or two after the Pearson notice had been published Godfrey Walter seemed to shrink aside as one approached him. He must have been conscious of the atmosphere of hostility with which he was surrounded. I did my best to avoid contact with him, but one evening he met me in the passage near his room and stopped me. He asked if I would mind coming into his room for a few minutes. Of course I went. Sitting under the bright light he looked a very sick man. A year or so before he had been given up for dead after an attack of influenza and its complications, and recovery had been slow. Now to his evident ill-health was added a nervous diffidence. He knew that I, a man notoriously devoted to Moberly Bell, must be bitterly hostile to himself and his schemes; yet, as the relations between us had in the recent past been officially friendly, he was smitten with a desire to soften my enmity. The interview, at his request, could have had no other purpose.

'I am afraid,' he began, 'that the staff think that Mr. Pearson is coming here to control *The Times*.'

I replied that we did not welcome Mr. Pearson's presence in any capacity.

'You don't understand,' he went on eagerly. 'Let me explain to you, and then you can make the new situation clear to your colleagues. The new company will not be controlled in any way by Mr. Pearson. Mr. Walter will be the chairman and I shall be a director. Mr. Pearson will simply be one of the board who will advise us on the management side. I assure you that *The Times* will remain under the control of the Walters, under *our* control, just as it is now. Do please make it plain to every one of the staff that there will be no change in the Walter control.'

I stared at him, speechless. What he had just said added yet one more incredible factor to a situation which bristled with the unbelievable and the impossible. Even now Mr. Godfrey Walter evidently held to the family belief that the Walter name was one to inspire confidence and devotion in the staff at Printing House Square. I had not the heart to explain that the Walters in Printing House Square in January 1908 were hereditary sovereigns from whom their former subjects had revolted as inevitably and irretrievably as had the English people from the

later Stuarts. Mr. Godfrey Walter would no more have understood that the Walter régime was dead than James II ever understood that his line of English rulers was dead. I could not tell him that, much as the public supersession of Moberly Bell by Arthur Pearson revolted us, we would sooner be ruled by an undiluted Pearson than submit any longer to the old order.

He continued in the same strain for a few minutes, and then I left him. My intention at first was to recount what had passed to Moberly Bell; yet, upon reflection, I refrained. He would have laughed, and I should have laughed with him. But the hereditary mind, revealed so ingenuously, did not deserve to become an occasion for ribald laughter. Still, as I came away from Number One any doubts about the ultimate issue which I might still have uneasily entertained wholly left me. As opponents of Moberly Bell, backed as he was by his whole staff, the Walter brothers counted for nothing at all.

No dynasty of newspaper controllers who sought to retain their power could have made a worse blunder than to force upon the Editor the publication of that Pearson notice. Its appearance ruined them. It instantly turned Moberly Bell from a faithful servant into a formidable enemy. The Walters ranged against themselves a fighting man of dauntless courage and limitless resource and at the same time destroyed all the moral support which hitherto they had received from a submissive staff. Had they in fact owned a major share in *The Times* proprietorship (in reality they did not own more than a small proportion) their defeat might have been more difficult to achieve, though not less inevitable. In a private partnership all partners, small or great, are as one in the eyes of the Court of Chancery. It was this basic circumstance which had been ignored, as also the fact that the dissolution of the partnership had already been ordered, and that the future of *The Times* and the manner of its sale rested no longer with the Walters but with Mr. Justice Warrington of the Chancery Division. The publication of the Pearson notice not only drove Moberly Bell into implacable hostility, but offended the Judge and the Court within whose impartial jurisdiction rested the terms and conditions of any sale.

Those were two of the consequences, both adverse to the Walters, which sprang from the public announcement of their plans. There was yet another, and one which was to become of the highest importance. Among the few readers of *The Times* who welcomed the



Pearson announcement was Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, who had made up his mind to buy *The Times* if this could be brought about. Nothing suited him better than that Godfrey Walter and Mr. Arthur Pearson should have come out into the open in such a clumsy fashion. He is reported to have encouraged the publicity by associating Mr. Pearson's name with that of *The Times* in newspapers under his own control. This extremely astute newspaper proprietor, Lord Northcliffe, looked upon ownership of *The Times* as the coping-stone to be placed upon his accumulation of newspaper properties, but he had no intention of paying more for it than he could help. The more *The Times* could be cheapened before he intervened the more cheaply he would be enabled to buy it. Arthur Pearson, in his view, was an ideal competitor. He was as much inferior to Lord Northcliffe in ability and repute as he was inferior to Lord Northcliffe in the instant command of cash in large volume. Arthur Pearson was already involved with the *Standard*, and had at no time in his career made money as Alfred Harmsworth had made it. When it came to a competition of cash against cash before the Court of Chancery Arthur Pearson had little to offer the existing partners save shares in a hypothetical new company, whereas Lord Northcliffe, or his representatives, could put up solid gold pounds in any necessary quantity. No Court, settling the affairs of a dissolved partnership, would hesitate between pounds sterling ready to be paid into Court and visionary shares in a company which had as yet no legal existence. The Court would, of course, decide for cash down in the interests of any partners who might wish to be bought out in cash.

The mistake of premature publication was one which Lord Northcliffe, then in his prime, would never have made himself. He saw clearly that whoever wanted a smooth passage in purchasing *The Times* must keep hidden in the background. There must be no disclosure of the identity of the purchaser. He must put forward well-known members of the staff of *The Times* as the ostensible movers in the scheme of purchase and as directors in the new company, and employ the Walter name for all it might still be worth as a public assurance of continuity in management. These points in the campaign Lord Northcliffe kept steadily before his mind. He had no intention at all of butting in and presenting to the public the exciting spectacle—exceedingly damaging to the future repute of *The Times*—of direct competition between himself and Mr. Pearson for the property of the late partners. He had also determined that the purchase by himself of the copyright in the



newspaper, if and when it secured the approbation of the Court of Chancery, should be accompanied by an ending of the Walter printing contract. Both the amount which he was prepared to offer for the copyright, and the terms which he proposed for buying out the printing business, were settled in his own mind before he made any overt move. His first essential requirement was someone high up in *The Times* hierarchy with whom, and behind whom, he might marshal his financial forces. The 'Pearson plot' came as a godsend to him. For it drove Moberly Bell into war with the Walters and instantly suggested Moberly Bell to Lord Northcliffe as the man whose ability and position made him an ideal collaborator. So long as Bell owned loyalty to the Walters he would not have looked at Lord Northcliffe, but from the moment when they themselves broke publicly with him he came within the field of Lord Northcliffe's operations.

Whenever Lord Northcliffe wanted to work unseen he rather ostentatiously went abroad for reasons of health. Whether he was actually in Paris when the Pearson announcement was made I am not quite sure. He was certainly there a day or two later. For he put himself into communication with H. E. Hooper—Moberly Bell's chief associate in the 'Encyclopædia' and the Book Club—and exactly a week after the Pearson disclosure, on January 14, he crossed the Channel and came to London. In every move the contrast between Lord Northcliffe and Arthur Pearson was clearly to be seen. From first to last Lord Northcliffe made no mistakes: every step was carefully thought out in the mind of this master organiser, and no detail of importance escaped his attention. Mr. Arthur Pearson made, or permitted to be made, every kind of mistake, and, from the moment when his great rival began to lay his parallels, ceased to count in the campaign.

I do not think that Moberly Bell had seriously begun to think of Lord Northcliffe as a possible ally in his fight with the Walters until he was approached by H. E. Hooper. He must have thought of this outstanding personality in Fleet Street, but, at first, he must have regarded the plan of bringing in Lord Northcliffe to abolish Arthur Pearson as rather like the famous exploit of our forefathers of calling in the Saxons to oust the Danish pirates. It was, one must confess, an operation rather like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire in order to escape from being burnt. Bell was exceedingly secretive at this period even to me. He would discuss possible methods of forming a company free from Walter control without clearly indicating his own views. One scheme with which

he toyed was to bring in Lord Cromer—an old and intimate friend—as Chairman and to buy out *The Times* partners with money obtained from big houses in the City. He mentioned the Rothschilds to me as possible suppliers of cash. I do not think that he actually proposed a plan of purchase to Lord Rothschild, for I told him of an earlier experience of my own. I had cast myself for the part of owner and editor of one of the leading Sunday papers, and discussed the matter with Lord Rothschild. He then told me most positively that it was a matter of settled policy in New Court not to acquire interests in any newspaper property whatever. The Rothschilds had assisted Moberly Bell to buy the lease of the Book Club premises, but this was as an ordinary investment on terminable mortgage in Oxford Street and not in any way as a newspaper investment.

The approach of Moberly Bell by H. E. Hooper on behalf of Lord Northcliffe occurred on or about January 15. Hooper himself told me of it, and both Moberly Bell and Lord Northcliffe told me of the interview which followed. Hooper went to Bell and said 'Why not see Alfred Harmsworth? He might be willing to help you.' Bell demurred, but, after some pressing by Hooper, consented to be led to some inconspicuous neutral territory where Lord Northcliffe was waiting for him.

'Mr. Bell,' said Lord Northcliffe, as soon as Hooper had left them together, 'I am going to buy *The Times*—with your help, if you will give it to me; in spite of you, if you withhold your assistance.'

'I will help you,' replied Moberly Bell.

Both these men, when telling me afterwards of their first interview, used practically the same words. Each of them was deeply impressed by the directness of the other. 'I had heard many stories unfavourable to Moberly Bell,' said Lord Northcliffe to me, 'and I expected to be unfavourably impressed by him. I was surprised to find that he was quite unlike his reputation, as told to me. I expected him to be shifty; he was straightness itself. I expected him to make good terms for himself; he made none at all. He insisted upon terms for the editorial staff, he insisted upon making you Assistant Manager, but for himself he asked nothing at all.'

Moberly Bell, for his part, took to Lord Northcliffe, who was, when he chose to exert his powers, of singular personal charm. He exerted all his powers of fascination now, and succeeded in removing most of Bell's doubts. Bell had insisted that the Editor and his assistants should, for a considerable time at least, be left

in undisturbed control of the paper. Lord Northcliffe agreed. Bell further laid down that the high standard of *The Times* as a newspaper must be maintained as a fundamental principle, and that it must retain its complete political independence. Lord Northcliffe agreed. Then the two got down to the details of a purchase scheme and very quickly sketched out the terms, which were embodied a few weeks later in the Bell-Sterling Agreement, of which I will tell in its place. Lord Northcliffe assured Moberly Bell—quite sincerely, I am convinced—that he had no object in purchasing *The Times* if it were not to be maintained at its high level and improved in every feasible way, regardless of expense. He told Bell, as he subsequently told me, that he was a ‘colossally rich man’ who had made so much money that he cared little for it; he was not buying *The Times* to make more money out of it, but in order that it might become again the best as well as the first newspaper in the world.

To some it may seem strange that Moberly Bell, so bitterly hostile to any connexion with Arthur Pearson, should have lent himself to the purchase by Lord Northcliffe—a personage far more likely to dominate the fortunes of *The Times* than Arthur Pearson ever was. One must allow something for the circumstances. The Pearson scheme had been put forward as an open act of war against Bell himself, and he could not be expected to have any truck with it. The manner of its announcement made him its bitterest enemy. The Pearson scheme was, to his mind, out of consideration. Time was short. The partnership had been dissolved nearly six months earlier, and at any moment some wealthy financial group might come forward with an offer to purchase on terms which the Court must consider seriously. As between an outside group who sought *The Times* merely that they might exploit it in their own interests, and a purchaser like Lord Northcliffe, he was wholly on the side of Lord Northcliffe. He saw clearly the dangers of bringing in this strange wayward Irish genius of a professional newspaper proprietor, yet he believed that the danger to the future repute of *The Times* was less under Lord Northcliffe than under anyone else who was in sight at the moment. Bell did not know at that time of that project to purchase *The Times* which we afterwards called the ‘German Syndicate.’ It was not really German, yet the epithet came in usefully. At the moment when Bell made his choice it was Pearson or Northcliffe, and Bell, without hesitation, threw all his weight and influence on the side of Lord Northcliffe.

In this choice I venture to hold that Moberly Bell was right.

Whatever faults and disabilities Lord Northcliffe might reveal as proprietor of *The Times*—and they afterwards became considerable—he was, at any rate, in the first rank at his job. He has been described as a 'Genius without a Soul'; men may disagree about Lord Northcliffe's soul, but they cannot disagree about his possession of outstanding genius. He had come into Fleet Street as a young man without money or influence, and within a short ten years he had stood Fleet Street on its head. It requires genius of a sort, and of a remarkable sort, to perform so startling a feat. It might be, and was, highly perilous to the traditions of *The Times* for the newspaper to come under the control of Lord Northcliffe; yet there was nothing derogatory to the position of *The Times* in a Northcliffe ownership. Mr. Arthur Pearson, in his blindness, grew into a singularly beautiful figure. He triumphed over his own deprivation of sight with admirable patience and courage, and during the war he was the patron saint of the blinded warriors. With us to-day Arthur Pearson personifies the noble work of St. Dunstan's. But Mr. Arthur Pearson in 1908 was no more than a third-rate newspaper proprietor with whom *The Times* could not have been associated without suffering the gravest loss of dignity and repute. Of the three newspaper figures of their day—Alfred Harmsworth, George Newnes, and Arthur Pearson—Mr. Pearson stood lowest, and far the lowest. In his newspapers, magazines, and weekly journals he originated nothing. He began and ended as a facile copyist of George Newnes and Alfred Harmsworth. Why Godfrey Walter ever pitched upon Arthur Pearson as their future 'managing director' must remain a mystery. When, later, Moberly Bell asked this question of Mr. Walter he could extract no answer. 'It was Godfrey,' replied Mr. Walter rather miserably. 'He told me that Mr. Pearson was a very clever man.'

(To be continued.)

### LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is opened first.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 16.

*(The Fourth of the Series.)*

'She was a ——— of ———  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament.'

1. 'A ——— lord of London  
Called on the clans to rise.'
2. 'He got the three best things in the world  
into the bargain—a good wife, and  
experience, and ———.'
3. 'A misanthropic monkey, grey and grim,  
Bearing a lot that has no remedy.'
4. 'By loves that last when lights are past,  
I vowed that vow to thee.'
5. 'These meadows are so much liked, especially  
in summer, that there was getting to be  
rather too much of ——— on the open  
field.'
6. 'Let us swear an ———, and keep it with an  
equal mind.'
7. 'The Prince of Poets and the Poet of Princes.'

## RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed above Book Notes' on a later page.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back. It is unnecessary to copy the quotations or to send references; solvers who do so must not write them on the same paper as their answers.
5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
6. Answers to Acrostic No. 16 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than June 20.

## ANSWER TO No. 15.

1.	M	amiliu	S
2.	I	nfluenc	E
3.	G	ers	A
4.	H	el	M
5.	T	hyrz	A
6.	Y	orkshirema	N

PROEM: Tennyson, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, vi.

## LIGHTS:

1. Macaulay, *The Battle of the Lake Regillus*, xi.
2. Milton, *L'Allegro*.
3. Keats, *Otho the Great*, i. 2.
4. Gray, *The Bard*, ii. 2.
5. Byron, *Poems to Thyrza*, 2.
6. Borrow, *The Romany Rye*, ch. 37.

Acrostic No. 14 ('Sally Alley'): There were 324 correct answers received, and 30 incorrect; there were also 32 answers which did not conform to rule 4—some of them had no pseudonym at the foot of the solution, and some had the quotations or the references written on the same page as the answers. The second light, 'Angel,' was answered by every competitor.

The first answer opened and found correct was from 'Omar,' and she wins the monthly prize. Miss E. M. Oram, 1, Bolingbroke Grove, S.W. 11, is entitled to books to the value of £1, from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

Our fifth series of Literary Acrostics begins with No. 17, published next month, and will run for four months. The second of the four acrostics will be taken entirely from Tennyson, and the other three from classical literature in general.

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